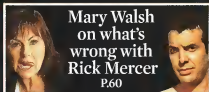




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A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF FAYE TURNEY

Last Wednesday, the 26-year-old British Royal Navy sailor, deceased in Iran on March 23 along with 14 male colleagues, appeared on TV in a head scarf to "confess" to trespassing in Iranian waters. Iranian officials said she would be released within two days, but she wasn't. On Friday, a letter purportedly from Turney to the "British people" said she had been "sacrificed" due to the policies of the Bush and Blair governments. "On Sunday, her bereaved congregation prayed for her."

Good news

Identity crisis

France's first-running presidential candidate Nicolas Sarkozy is under fire for tying the country's deep social upheaval to "40 years of uncontrolled immigration" and for his promise to name a minister of "national identity." His controversy that he has his racist undertones, but France's problems have focused for the sides as minorities were ghettoized and the government ignored their plight. Sarkozy promises to force the old racist tension head on and to end France's tradition of being divided—it's a gladiator's long overdue.

Outsy call

Rather than judge a compromise that satisfies no one, Mirna Alkanani, the UN's special envoy to Kosovo, had the courage to say that independence from Serbia was the "only option" for the province. Russia isn't happy. But Canada? We're a stake in the conflict dating back to the 1999 NATO campaign and our acceptance of around 75,000 Kosovar refugees. Canada's objective was to bring peace to the area and stop the depopulation of Kosovo's ethnic Albanians. Independence will achieve that.

Ethical exit

Bernard Shapiro's finest act as federal ethics commissioner was also his last. Shapiro accomplished before his almost three years at Ottawa's assistance, and when faced with himself creating more controversy than he solved, he let loose the publicity and with his honor intact.

Who wants a fiver?

New chutz the free trade deal between Alberta and B.C. is in effect. Ontario and other provinces are being courted to join,

and to eliminate many of the arcane barriers that have plagued Canada's economy for generations. Mulroney heavily offers a five-dollar bonus to the first premier who signs on. You're welcome.

Doing their jobs

After months suggesting a federal budget that did almost nothing for them, it seemed business leaders were content to suck up to the Tories, just because they fear the Liberals. So, this week's public outcry from the Canadian

Troublemaker

Venezuela's Hugo Chavez has long since ceased to be an amusing leftist on the fringes of geopolitics. This week, on the eve of the 125th anniversary of the Falklands War, when he suggested that the displaced British islands off the coast of Argentina belong to the "great South American motherland," he belted another grenade into a delicate international issue. Almost 1,000 people were killed in the 1982 war between Britain and Argentina.

Bad news

pic is that it generates economic opportunities and spent in its host city. We don't see how Joe's Diem's arm the Games by offering a "gold medal bouquet" during the event.

Wing nuts

If you think air travel can't possibly get worse, this plastic cutlery and 100-baggage restriction, brace yourself. The 2005 U.S. Airline Quality Rating report, released Monday, found that the number of passengers who are bumped, delayed, or have their bags lost is going up, not down. Representatives from the Air Transport Association blame the industry's record on bad weather. But they also predict the situation will worsen in coming years because there will be more planes and more slots than ever. Thank God for video flails.

Sweet Jesus

Another shock artist enjoyed a career boost by leaving the Catholic Church this week. A New York art gallery pulled a shoeless sculpture of Jesus by Morandi's Cosimo Cavallero after Catholic activists called for him to be put out of the exhibit. Clearly an artistic masterpiece, the six-foot sculpture, which depicts a crucified Jesus near his death, was scheduled to be displayed over Easter. Sociological pop art has become a backlogged genre, and that alone makes it a sin. But worse still is the fact that Catholics keep asking the last. Since the exhibit was cancelled, the artist claims to have received thousands of offers to show the piece. The Church might have done more for its cause, and less for its artist's, had it engaged the gallery more constructively—perhaps by proposing a narrative lens.

Olympic spirit™

The federal government has introduced a bill to allow Vancouver's 2010 Winter Olympics organizing committee to trade mark the commercial use of Olympic-themed words—including "win-win," "gold medal" and "game-on" until the end of 2010. We're sympathetic to the commercial drive to protect its brand, but not of the benefits of the Olympic

FACE OF THE WEEK



PROMISEKEEPER Girl: Holly Fernando took home five awards from last week's Juno ceremony in Saskatoon, which she also hosted

ian Council of Chief Executives over Ottawa's cancellation of an investment tax break as a welcome change. Note to CEOs: If you don't stand up for yourselves in Ottawa, as one of us will.

Skater boy

We would've guessed that figure skating, the most recent of winter sports, was not subject to parody. And yet, last weekend, *Hockey of Glory*, the latest *Will Ferrell* is an on-ethnic, padded first place in the box office, pulling in \$30.1 million. Might Ferrell be the man to do for curling what Paul Giamatti did for

hockey—which last claim the islands. And it has become obvious that Chavez wasn't happy until he has triggered another divisive reallocation.

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MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON MAY VERSUS MACKAY AND THE LIBERIAN PRESIDENT'S VERY SPEEDY EXIT

"Congratulations Bill on C-30. Don't let them tell you it can't be done!"

EXCITING CHAIRS CREEK

WILHELM IS CUTTING CAKE CORNERS?

There were no words born in a Salomon Rubish's recent talk at the Milton Lac Leamy Hotel in Coquitlam, B.C. The author, speaking about radical Islam, noted that the promise of 72 virgins for suicide bombers was a gross exaggeration.



BAILED Elizabeth May's friend

actually based on a misunderstanding of the Koran. What would be waiting for bombers in paradise was "72 virgins." Coincidentally, the chairperson at the back of the room had jokes of racism as their source seemed to reach there. Rubish further noted that the war in Iraq could be won through simple capitalism. "I like the soldiers out," he declared, "and just McDonald's in" in Canadian areas. For many, this was the last straw. The speaker was then escorted to the back of the room by the police.

2010/Crossing boundaries conference. All at the conference was Tim Flannery, author of *The Weather Makers*. The Australian oceanographer was introduced by Environment Minister John Baird. When Baird mentioned Flannery's name there was a loud burst of applause before the minister could even finish the rest of his intro. "What that Elizabeth May?" Baird asked as he looked down at the Green party leader. "Elizabeth and I are friends," he continued. "And we are once better friends now that she is not running in my constituency." May had been jolting Flannery's name against Peter Mackay in Nova Scotia because, as a party leader, she will have to cross the country, and "that was why I had to pick on my politics." The obvious she needs to be close to her father, who lives in the province and who is in his eighties.

Baird mentioned in his speech that when he was national environment minister he got down with Jack Layton, who told him the first thing he needed to do was read *The Weather Makers*. May on the Hill again. Layton is the only MP who knows the environment file from the inside. When a parliamentary committee has recently de-bating environmental issues to the Conservative C-30, C-31, C-32, C-33, C-34, C-35, C-36, C-37, C-38, C-39, C-40, C-41, C-42, C-43, C-44, C-45, C-46, C-47, C-48, C-49, C-50, C-51, C-52, C-53, C-54, C-55, C-56, C-57, C-58, C-59, C-60, C-61, C-62, C-63, C-64, C-65, C-66, C-67, C-68, C-69, C-70, C-71, C-72, C-73, C-74, C-75, C-76, C-77, C-78, C-79, C-80, C-81, C-82, C-83, C-84, C-85, C-86, C-87, C-88, C-89, C-90, C-91, C-92, C-93, C-94, C-95, C-96, C-97, C-98, C-99, C-100, C-101, C-102, C-103, C-104, C-105, C-106, C-107, C-108, C-109, C-110, C-111, C-112, C-113, C-114, C-115, C-116, C-117, C-118, C-119, C-120, C-121, C-122, C-123, C-124, C-125, C-126, C-127, C-128, C-129, C-130, C-131, C-132, C-133, C-134, C-135, C-136, C-137, C-138, C-139, C-140, C-141, C-142, C-143, C-144, C-145, C-146, C-147, C-148, C-149, C-150, C-151, C-152, C-153, C-154, C-155, C-156, C-157, C-158, C-159, C-160, C-161, C-162, C-163, C-164, C-165, C-166, C-167, C-168, 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here for champagne and a very special surprise: the-looking-alike in his office. Layton did the first piece, then Wynn and NDP caucus chair Judy Wasylycia-Lee took over the evening, calling "this a corner piece."

WHO EXACTLY'S NOT TALKING TO WHO?

Liberal President Eliza Johnson-Siebel was recently in the



SPREAD THE NET: Liberal president Johnson-Siebel and Mercer

capital to thank Belinda Stronach and come down with her for their Spread the Net tour. The tour is sending 15,000 anti-misinformation cards to her country. Johnson-Siebel, the first female female head of state in Africa, was the closing speaker at the

Canada 2010/Crossing boundaries conference. Other participants

RUSKIN and others



were told media interviews with Johnson-Siebel could be no longer than 10 minutes each. Asked if there could be longer interviews and fewer of them, Johnson-Siebel's people were silent. "No, every interview can be no more than five minutes" that then all in-person media interviews were cancelled after Johnson-Siebel's talk due to sudden "time constraints." The Liberal president's trip



wasn't an official visit, otherwise there would have been a LibNet flag flying all over the capital. After the official Opposition came a talk that Stephen Harper was not just one with the LibNet flag, the PM and he would be "delighted" to do so. And he would be. Twenty minutes later, as Johnson-Siebel entered Harper's office to walk down the staircase the PM usually descends prior to Question Period, a House security guard, seeing much more aggressively than usual, ordered the women out. Seems someone wanted the LibNet period to end as quickly as possible. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa stories or to contact Mitchell Raphael, visit ottawacolumnist.com/mitchraphael

Stéphane Dion: a victim of identity theft



PAUL WELLS

"I had to be a popular person," Jean Chrétien said once. "People say I'm not authentic, but they never look at who I was running against. I was the only 1960s small-town Quebecer my constituency was the Chrétien." If I was sophisticated the way the people in Montreal wanted, I didn't win."

Once learned, then, for anyone who wants to learn from a winner, don't lose an opponent with uniqueness. In so many ways, Stephen Harper is no Chrétien, but he has learned the lesson: once a Chrétien's signature, then he doesn't waste time attacking an opponent's weak spots. He blazes apparent, perceived strengths. The other guy is left without the usual thought he could bank on and, therefore, without a fallback.

In December, if you had asked a random Canadian to list Stéphane Dion's political strengths, your listless response would have been a blank stare. Because who goes around listing Canadian politicians' strengths? If, however, it you had extended your search and you found a random Canadian political pundit, and asked him the same question, the list of Dion's strengths might have included: he's been a strong defender of national unity. He's an ardent environmentalist. And he doesn't represent a most welcome danger from the conservative side: neither the old and rusty from Paul Martin's mouth. Dion is a loser: with a little luck it will make him a winner.

So much has changed. Harper appeared the glib, silly but aggressive and shrewd John Baird as environmental minister. Baird is everywhere these days, as say in Ottawa. He'll show up for the opening of an envelope, and as every eye will be on him, Canada's the empty cupboard where the Liberals' environmental record is supposed to be. So without having anything to say, Baird has managed to blur the Liberals' face books.

any environmental brand. As for Dion's quiet efficiency, well, that went by, didn't it? He had a decade for his Quebec's responsibilities on a merry chase, and what was unexpected about it was that they never managed to go underneath his skin. Now he's all skin, and everything's underneath him. More Stéphane, the crumbly cupcake.

Not surely one advantage remained: you could trust Dion to support Canadian unity. It came from the Liberals, after all, the party

wasn't any other. Will he press a bunch of independent-minded demands on Ottawa's right, but I remember, despite all the criticism, that he was actually the person, and I think myself, Dion's "unconventional" looks were like a strong sign of his openness. Others had for tugging at its sleeve. All of which might explain why, in a recent Angus Reid poll, 71 per cent of Quebecers thought the election result could separate him from the Liberal leader. ■



Stephen Harper has learned to never leave an opponent with any unique assets

of Dion and Chrétien. He won the Clayoquot Act. He might risk off the Ocasio Cortesio in 2005 to join the Paul Martin-Jean Lapierre Liberals, in the middle of the best one-year popularity streak the Libs Quebec has ever had. His latest explanation was that Harper was bad for national unity.

Who is most disconcerting about Harper's sound on the Liberals' national unity brand advantage that almost uniquely, it is driven by conversation instead of action. Harper remains behind in favor of federalism is more subtle than that. Canadians outside Quebec can speak to Quebecers in a language of empathy and mutual advantage. Stéphane Dion used to believe something similar—he was a staunch advocate for a decentralized federalism at the Chrétien and Martin cabinet table. Now only Harper is making faces against us with penitence and clarity. This identity theft is the single most surprising event in federal politics since Dion became the Liberal leader. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Paul Wells' wit on top at www.ottawacolumnist.com/paulwells

Shame and age and what I'd do differently



BARBARA AMIEL

During my recent 15 min interview, a Toronto columnist reminded readers that talk of me possessing any physical allure at age 66 was a manifestation of postfeminist psycho-babble that is accurate. The other version may have been intended to cause me pain. I can't say, but it certainly caused me shame. I remember being young and looking up with uncertainty at my mother in the elderly. It is, to quote Lynett Sue Kim, all part of the circle of life.

A few years ago I took a slew of tests given to assess cognition in the elderly after my memory developed terrifying black holes. I passed the tests, but uneasily, as far as I was concerned. Of particular interest was my inadequate response to a question asking me to list every version I knew of the Faust legend.

All I could remember was Christopher Marlowe's late-16th century *Dr Faustus*, which I had not read for over 40 years. I usually forget the existence of Goethe's magnificent poem "Faust," which I quote often around. I should have known all the major editions of the story composed by, among others, Bertolt, Goethe and Goethe, none of which varied in the lady doctor sat perched on hand washing me. It struck me as cruel that one of the questions on a test for the aging mind should be to recall the story of youthful old Dr Faust sell his soul to Satan in return for knowledge and youth.

I transformed myself that whoever made up the test was unlikely to be elderly and had no awareness of the vicious implication of this particular question. This may be too generous. One of my most shame-inducing moments took place on a rainy Toronto day in 1966. Late for a concert at Massey Hall, three university students, so very much at the beginning of their lives, were trying to

flag a taxi after fidgeting over dinner at Bino Chulet. A cab stopped, but a stout man in his fifties and his wife (shouldn't we be "Doctor's mother, they're old," I said cuttingly) knew this, at a mere 19 years of age, one was potted being old had more in common with Shakespeare's gloomy seventh age of man than the breeze. "I'm glad I'm not young anymore," sang by Maurice Chevalier two years earlier in the Blue Gipsy. The students the words were out of my mouth. I knew I'd see them one day.

It's this knowledge to have post-optimist rebellion and be honest about aging's barres. More Ephraim summed it up in her book last year, *I Just Had About My Nerve*. She derisively quotes the late popular magazines dated out a couple of decades ago that "40 is the new 30." In my view, this notion virgily reflected the demographics of magazine editors who were then all running 40 themselves. Now we are at the new 60 being 30, and even Vogue and Harper's Bazaar are publishing advice articles to lachrymose women over, gaily, 70. And of course I would like to be

Most specific interpretations of Faust's bargain emphasize the devil's gift of eternal youth. In a puff of dry air, the stooped, grey-haired Faust becomes a young, Lothario easily able to seduce the innocent beauty with whose youth the devil has tempted him. In the original legends, the devil is actually to give Faust limitless knowledge and power—which could include youth—until he reaches the heights of human ecstasy, an ecstasy that comes by renouncing the tree of knowledge and denying the meaning of life.

Faust triumphs over Satan because his various authors—writing in the religious cultures of their time—believed that the spiritual dimension of Faust's quest for knowledge always trumped evil. Goethe himself may have had mixed feelings about the optimism this Mephistopheles looks at the dead Faust contemporarily. Come to think of it, Faust's quest for knowledge is a quest for immortality. / What matters our creature endless real, / Where, at a snail's pace, oblivion ends the coil? / I'd rather have Eternal Emptiness.

I'd rather not. The intoxication of knowledge has always been powerful but never

'I comforted myself the tester had no sense of the vicious implication of the question'



'THE CIRCLE OF LIFE' AMIEL, 1966

young again, and so much to recognize my looks or recognize my wardrobe but in order to redesign choices for a woman, I'd take more history courses at college, learn at least two languages seriously instead of dithering through them, and begin my retirement savings plan at about 19 years of age. But mainly, as Faustian mode, I'd try harder to "know"

more so than at one age. Trying to digest the best of human accomplishment is a thrill indeed. How can the mortal to learn more or find the answer, I ask myself, when historian Jacques Barzun, born in 1897 and still writing after 40 books, completed his great 800-plus page masterpiece *Faust: From Faust to Fustian in his sixties?* Where the most unflinchingly curious (and physically vigorous) traveler on a group I joined in eastern Europe was the 50-year-old Irish Berlin? One may not admire Hitler's favorite filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl, but becoming an underwater cinematographer in her late sixties (she died about her age to get scuba certification) is impressive.

The modern transhumanist movement seeks to avoid Shakespeare's "barn everything" by developing a "post-vitalist theory of existence," which I read as meaning let's not concern ourselves with the everlasting death at all. Good luck. I'd rather take the fear of death as a spur. Richard Strauss composed his exquisite *Faust's Last Songs* at 64, cold and impoverished, one year before he died. "We must not go on living in this world!" were the final words, chosen from a Joseph von Eichendorff poem. O spouses, transcend power. How good on my of travelling—I at that prolixer death! I don't know, but it's one hell of a good life. #

barbara.amiel@me.com or @barbara.amiel

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WEEK IN PICTURES



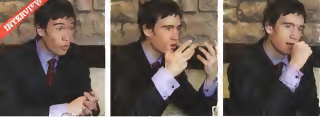
A DAY AT THE RICHEST RACES

The Dubai World Cup, held in the United Arab Emirates, is the world's richest horse race. Together with six other races, there's \$25.25 million up for grabs. This year Discover C&M, a horse owned by Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, the ruler of Dubai, took the World Cup to Invicta, owned by his brother.

1. Lutfiyya Darhan Greenhalgh, riding Kelly's Landing of the U.S., wins the Dubai Golden Shaheen.
2. Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum and his wife, Jender's Princess Inaya bend Al Rasheed.
3. One of the participants in the "best hat competition."
4. Owner Rishi Konde after his horse won the Dubai Duty Free.
5. How best hat competitors, including a Cirocco-inspired creation.
6. A Dubai resident strolls around the hospitality stands.
7. Two hats that are clearly in a league of their own.



TOP LEFT: PHOTOFEST; TOP CENTER: JACQUES TOFFI; TOP RIGHT: JACQUES TOFFI; BOTTOM LEFT: JACQUES TOFFI; BOTTOM CENTER: JACQUES TOFFI; BOTTOM RIGHT: JACQUES TOFFI



'Millions of Afghans would probably prefer the Taliban to the international community. We need to take these things on board.'

RORY STEWART TALKS TO MICHAEL PETROU ABOUT GETTING OUT OF IRAQ, AND WHY AFGHANS ARE SAYING, 'BRING BACK THE RUSSIANS!'

In January 2002, only two weeks after the Taliban were overthrown, Rory Stewart walked across Afghanistan from Herat to Kabul. He had previously served in the British foreign service and the British army. In 2003, at age 30, he became the youngest foreign correspondent awarded the Puffinberger Award for his reporting from Iraq. He is the author of two best-selling books about his experiences, *The Phoenix and the Frog* and *The Prince of the Marshes*. And Other Occupational Hazards of a Year in Iraq. His new book is *Kabul and How the Taliban Took Over Afghanistan*, which promotes and preserves traditional Afghan craftsmanship and architecture.

Q In addition to walking across Afghanistan, you walked across Iran, India, Pakistan and Nepal. When and why did you decide to do that?

A I decided to do that four years before. I set off in January walking one day. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and it was near my home in Scotland. I was young. And I remember thinking, this is a great thing to do, and I wish I could keep doing that and walk all around the world.

Q Many of the villages where you encountered Afghan life lately is, or was, comprised of a single Afghan tribe. Some had never been there before they came there to seek refuge. What impact does this hold for those of us who are trying to support a unified and stable Afghanistan?

A We need to be considerably more realistic about Afghanistan. We are in danger of pursuing utopian fantasies that have no relation to either our own capacity or knowledge, or the capacities and desires of Afghans. The international community is somewhat slowly trying to figure out the Taliban, create a liberal democracy, commission surveys, create a strong central government throughout the country and defend human rights. Very few of these objectives are credible or possible. The reality is a war going between the language of the international community and the power of the Taliban. We need to be honest about the limits of our own power and knowledge.

Afghanistan itself is a country that has resisted attempts by the British in the 19th century and by the Soviet Union in the 1950s, to impose two quite distinct ideological models on it. And it will resist about 80 per cent of the population is rural. They are much more inorganic and resilient than we acknowledge. They may be interested in minority representation, but they are often not interested in minority rights. They may be interested in freedom from torture, but they may not be interested in a free market. Millions of Afghans support them and believe there is a good reason for this. Millions of Afghans would probably prefer the Taliban to the international community. We need to take these things on board. We need to drop our expectations.

Q What is realistic to accomplish? If we spend billions more on operations and we never achieve what we hope to achieve?

A The United States really needs to focus on protecting its own soil against terrorist attacks, and that means measurements, not counter-terrorism. We need to do things with very clearly defined, specific forms and limited operations directed against al Qaeda training camps, and counter-terrorism, which is the currently I believe—closed policy to try to put twenty or thirty thousand troops on the ground to defeat the Taliban.

Secondly, we should try to deliver more of what Afghans are demanding. Afghans are saying, "Bring back the Russians. At least they beat rape and drugs." The garbage is seven feet deep in the centre of Kabul in the markets. Historic buildings are collapsing. There's no sewage. There's no water. It is a complete disaster. I cannot understand how the international community has allowed that to happen.

Q You had an encounter with the Taliban, where you described as dangerous but with a strong sense of God and a real education with death. What role will such men have in the future of Afghanistan?

A They will play quite a large role because they represent a relatively powerful and effective majority of the majority. Most of the Taliban, or people related to the Taliban, have no intention of attacking Canada or the United States or their homeland. They include the leadership in Quetta that was associated with the old Taliban regime, and which may be more pragmatic and extreme in their Islamist demands, a group that see themselves as Afghan nationalists, but nevertheless

less supports conservative Islamic codes and a final group of fleeing young men who may be quite easily influenced and convinced to join the Taliban but may be equally influenced to move back in the other direction. The end requirement is for the Afghan government to engage politically with these different groups, because the international community has neither the competence, the will, nor the resources to defeat them, and the Afghan military has no intention of asking over that mission.

Q You note that Western intervention in Afghanistan is often described as neo-colonialism. Do you agree that in just real colonialism, the old British type of the 19th century, you are really much more effective.

The colonial policy of the British government in the 19th century was more: it was optimistic and aggressive. So in no way am I trying to condemn the British colonial policy of the 19th century. But the terrible difference is that they were considerably more professional.

Colonial officers spent 40 years in the country to which they were posted. They generally spoke the local language fluently. They served in remote areas. If they didn't believe the budgets, they would be bankrupt. If they didn't keep security, they would be killed on their heads. They have much more power and much less responsibility. We're there on very short terms. We're often warring between different postings. If we had to balance the budgets, it doesn't matter, we'll bring in billions of dollars in international aid. If we fail to keep security, it doesn't matter, we'll encourage ourselves and remain here. So the fundamental structure of our mission today does not encourage an accountable, responsible relationship to the beneficiaries. The international development community is largely inaccessible to donors, not to people to whom it's going money.

Q You find a chance to see some of these ideas that you have because the deputy government coordinator of two provinces in southern Iraq. What and your team appear to have been defeated and killed, just the same group returned? What happened?

The fundamental issue in Iraq is that intervention of this sort is not a solution. In Iraq, the mission is doomed from the point at which it became obvious that the Shiites were going to co-opt the project. For the Sunnis not to co-opt, that would be one thing. That would be like perhaps the Serbs in Kosovo or the Serbs in Bosnia chose not to co-opt. But if the majority population, which in the case of Iraq is the Shiites and in the case of Afghanistan is the

Pashtuns, choose to mount a violent reaction, it's almost impossible for the international government to do much about it. We are not particularly competent, we're not particularly effective, and we're not particularly informed. And even if the majority of the population is neutral toward our objectives, they're not going to come off the fence and defend us against people who present themselves as fighting for Iraq and Islam or Afghanistan and Islam, against a foreign military occupation.

Q When you look back at your time in Iraq, are there things you would have done differently?

A. I made an unbelievable number of mistakes. The most fundamental was a failure to fully trust and empower Iraqis. It's easier said than done. The reality is that the Iraqi government we were dealing with was corrupt, repressive, and flawed by a very authoritarian security policy. But in retrospect, I think we should have said, "This guy is the governor of the province, he's going to have to run this place when we leave, and we'll have to let him get on with it." It's very easy for foreigners to feel themselves into believing that they're making something useful, but having realized it's only going to cause it, you really reject the autonomy of the local population, which means alienating their values, their views and what they want to do. I'd say the lesson of the two evils—that's a very difficult choice—is that the victory of the wretched is to genuinely empower and allow local politicians to run things the way they want.

Q What do you think will happen in Iraq?

A. I believe there are ought to be a new and Iraqis, Arabs, both Sunnis and Shiites, are able to see that they are not going to be a difficult process to carry out, but I think it will ultimately be a successful process. It's not something that foreigners can do for them.

Q Today, you're living in Afghanistan, running a non-profit foundation that is trying to preserve and promote traditional Afghan crafts and the country's archaeological history. Why do you think it will be successful?

A. Afghans need jobs. They need skills. They need money and in their ancestral villages. Kabul, which is the capital city and is a central political and symbolic importance, looks like a trap for the money. We have begun to grow and build the state. We have begun to repair 10 historic buildings. And we're also focusing back on business and crafts, which Afghan can export. Afghanistan has a very strong, 2,000-year history in trade and crafts. The carpet industry is a very dramatic success story, which employs women and the rural poor. We're

also looking at woodwork and embroidery and carpets and calligraphy. In every case, we're looking trying to preserve traditional skills and crafts as a way of bringing in new technologies and find you markets in western Afghanistan's job and incomes. It seems to be generating a lot of enthusiasm, which for me is a good achievement.

Q You're moving with officials from the Afghan Affairs while you're in Canada. What advice will you give them?

A. I'd say that we have an urgent requirement now to describe realistic objectives in Afghanistan, and that we have to define those realistic objectives, we're going to be in danger of going from engagement to isolation, from trying to understand to withdrawal. We're at a tipping point. We're at a point in which



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we need to grab the situation before despair and pessimism set in. Clearly explain to the public, the voting public and Afghans, what it is that we're trying to achieve and do. We may think that although we've been acknowledged and less powerful than we present, we're more knowledgeable and more powerful than we are. It means not stopping our role in being one of counterterrorism and the defence of the Afghan government against conventional attacks, but getting up the idea of trying to light a counter insurgency campaign against anti-government forces across the country. ■

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THE LITTLE LEADER THAT COULDN'T?

Dion better hope Harper delays the vote. He's got a lot of work to do.

BY JOHN GIBBONS, MARTIN PATRICKSON

AND RANBY MACDONALD • Stéphane Dion has no shortage of problems to ponder during Parliament's Easter break. It's old news that he's upended due to a scandal that led him to lose his job as leader of the Liberal Party after losing the election to Jean Chrétien in 1993. But now, as the party's leader, he's got a lot of work to do. Dion's first task is to win the support of the party's rank-and-file members, who are skeptical of his leadership. He's also got to win the support of the party's elected members, who are skeptical of his leadership. And he's got to win the support of the party's voters, who are skeptical of his leadership. Dion's first task is to win the support of the party's rank-and-file members, who are skeptical of his leadership. He's also got to win the support of the party's elected members, who are skeptical of his leadership. And he's got to win the support of the party's voters, who are skeptical of his leadership.

With as much to worry Dion, it's no wonder speculation is rife that Prime Minister Stephen Harper will announce his intention to govern the next time around. In fact, if the situation was as clear cut as the above, Dion's first task would be to win the support of the party's rank-and-file members, who are skeptical of his leadership. He's also got to win the support of the party's elected members, who are skeptical of his leadership. And he's got to win the support of the party's voters, who are skeptical of his leadership.

upling up to 60 per cent after last month's budget, temporarily near majority territory. The last week the Liberals trailed due to an slipping back to 30 per cent, with the Liberals at 31 per cent, almost exactly where they stood in the Jan. 15, 2006 vote.

But if both parties have work to do, it's clear that Dion and the Liberals are playing catch up. The Conservatives' recent three-month run by winning seats to a sweeping new campaign head-quarters in an Ottawa industrial park. They can afford the rest to wait. Last year, the Tories won almost 100 million, compared to 100 million for the Liberals. To spend this windfall, Harper can only use a handful of hard-earned seats, largely intact after the 2004 and 2006 elections. Dion has cobbléd together an election team from his own leadership backers and key players from the campaign. They're good for party unity, but some doubt about campaign cohesion.

Meanwhile, his untested party apparatus must work that out on two tracks, election preparation and party modernization. "We're slowly moving now to a national membership registry," says Senator Marc Poulin, who was elected Liberal president when Dion became leader. "Our goal is to have it final out in about a year." He blames Dion's government in 2007 on all the simultaneous changes in the party. "We were going through a number of transitions," Poulin says. "A new leader, a new president, a new national executive, a shift from one constitution to another, all while Parliament was sitting."

She argues the hurry patch is over and Dion has to let his side. There's no question he has been far more assertive in recent weeks,



WHAT SEPARATES THE TWO IS THE PM'S SUPERIOR IT DEFINING

defining a series of big speeches, on policy from the new order to climate change. But that's the new from Ottawa. Closer to the ground, Liberal problems can look acute. "Like British Columbia, where the party now holds eight seats to the Tories' 15. Local Liberal organizers say they are changing door ways, becoming more like the Conservatives, who have out-managed them in B.C. since at least 1980. Come the day when there would be just a couple of big Liberal events a year. Like a \$2,300 per table Paul Martin fund-raiser Vancouver. Or a church basement spaghetti dinner and suburban tea occasions, events that might not just 1990 in total.

"That sort of fundamental cultural change is a long process, and it's a hard one," he says. "I've helped Liberal popularity with voters that far. Is a poll last month by the Vancouver firm Mural Group. They support had climbed to 40 per cent in the province, up from 35 in January, while Liberal support dropped by the per cent. In support of Vancouver's political analysis, full Telecom says the Liberals would in less half than B.C. says of the party's cashes a wave during a campaign. Meanwhile Dion's success when he speaks English is a significant problem across the West. When it comes to language,

THE MOMENT, ISOLATING ISSUES AND SETTING THE DEBATE



HARPER TOPS. Dion by a wide margin in public leader's poll ratings

there's a big difference between Dion, with his professional delivery and demanding vocabulary, and Jean Chrétien's tough-humor rhetoric. "People said, 'I don't understand what Chrétien said, but I get what he meant,'" said Telleman. "But with Dion, people don't even understand what he means." In Quebec, Dion's criticism thought he was understood all too well. His detractors predicted that his unassuming role of such leader and one more plague on separatists under Chrétien, Dion's image problem at home was beyond salvaging. But his positive approval ratings in Quebec have won the Liberal leadership have proven them wrong. "I don't think there is any doubt whatsoever that he can connect with people in Quebec," says pollster Bruce Anderson of Decima Research. "His politics of language eloquently [he has an understanding of the place]."

But if Dion has shown he can't be counted out in Quebec, the Tories look increasingly formidable there. Harper scored a beach head of 10 seats in the last election, and now has those ADQ allies to help. Last week, he served notice that the fight is on by announcing a French-only TV attack ad against Dion in Quebec only. The Liberal Liberal president in Quebec, Robert Fugère, was in the Tory insurance pool. It's not a bad thing at all. He runs the prospect of a debate on issues after than federalism and sovereignty. "That's going to be interesting in the next election is that we will have a battle between Conservatives and Liberals. It will be a fight between federalism," says Fugère, who supported Michael Ignatieff over Dion in the Liberal leadership race. "That makes us election because we know that Quebecers can't connect in heart. Sending 10-year-old kids to jail doesn't really resonate there."

For independent experts, even as at least a possible link between the provincial autonomy and the new federal race. "The ADQ and the Conservatives are going after the same issue," says Université de Montréal political scientist professor Pierre Maréchal. "Many of Dion's candidates who even last week show that there is a conservative sentiment in the province," says Amanda Meehan, director of McGill University's Institute for the Study of Canada, although she adds that the federal Tories can't afford of picking up all this ADQ support. Still, Liberals hope a shift away from the federalism-savvy Quebec politicians will make any regional debate. Dion comes from his old days as Chrétien's designated successor. "I know he was the most popular guy around the block, to be perfectly honest," says Brigitte Legault, the party's French language vice president. "He

has to be mediated as a leader and not as the *Charlie Act* guy. That's his challenge."

And not only in Quebec. What separates Dion from Harper is often the Prime Minister's superior ability to defuse the moment, to isolate an issue, and on the scene of debate. The difference is sometimes as much as the contrast between a diplomat and a statesman. When Harper launched his tough-on-crime package last year, the most quoted part of his speech was his rhyme, "If you do serious crime, you're going to do serious time." But when Dion counter-punched with his own justice platform last month, he tried to spotlight sentencing. "We need to have our policy on crime, not our sentencing," Dion lectured. "Between 1992

with his platform, or continue to make out the crime list, whose he seems to be second up to now with his continued emphasis on crime-change policy and ongoing Canadian troops out of combat in Afghanistan who their missions run out in 2008. Much of his attack on the recent Tory budget was just as clearly aimed at a die-hard voter. "The budget is wrong," he told his MPs in a roasting speech. "It does nothing for students. It does nothing for the poor. It does nothing for Aboriginals. It does nothing for single working mothers trying to make ends meet."

That's solid material when it comes to rallying Liberals to fight Tories. But Conservatives would not doubt be happy to see

IS IT DEAD ALREADY?

Most Quebec voters want stability. That's bad news for the PQ.

BY BENJAMIN AARON • All relief, and no regrets. A majority of Quebecers are pleased with the election results that shored their political stability last week—and could change the atmosphere of Quebec-Canada politics for months or years to come. In a rather unique poll, Edger Marleau asked voters if, given a second chance, they'd repeat the voting that vaulted Mario Dumont's Action démocratique du Québec to official opposition status, humbled the Charbonneau Liberals into a second-term minority—and left the Progressives reeling. And Quebec voters said yes, they'd do it all again.

They seem pretty pleased with themselves, they've got exactly what they wanted," pollster Jean-Marc Lévesque says. The poll, taken in the wake of the March 26 snap election, also suggests voters seek stability; a majority say Jean Charbonneau should stay on and run the government, and a plurality (64 per cent) over saw André Bessette, the battered Parti Québécois leader, to hang in there for awhile. "Quebec voters just finished off the job they had started last year in the federal election," Lévesque says. "They now have both their governments under their control, and on a short-term basis."

The ruling Liberals took the biggest drubbing, in terms of votes and seats lost, but it was the Parti Québécois that took the big hit this time. "They have been in a slow decline since the referendum of 1995, but did little to recover the tide, in part because their polling figures had been dug up by the sponsorship scandal," says Yves Dupuis, a communications expert, and former PQ organizer. Now, reality is catching up with them, fast. "It doesn't matter that 40 per cent of voters call themselves sovereigntists if only 18 per cent say they want another referendum," says Dupuis.

André Bessette made history last week when he turned to face the PQ's hard-bats, who were denouncing their losses for fear. If Quebecers had been in favour of a referendum, they'd have voted for it, he said. "For democracy's sake, it's better 'necessity is still desirable, but it's not as desirable as the short run." This is in line with the BIA's dropping



BIDAULIP easily admitted last week that sovereignty is not achievable in the short run.

figures, or the ETA for increasing violence. And the last time a PQ leader suggested that a Mario Dumont-style sovereigntist—whatever that could be meaning—was what Quebecers really wanted, or needed, was in 1987 Pierre Morris, Johnson, and later to René Lévesque, was free to pursue their personal choice.

But Bessette survived this first week. A leadership review, first hinted at last June, was quickly dropped. "Obviously, calls were made in high circles to cool things off," a PQ insider said. "The party is in no shape to withstand a leadership race at the moment. We've got much bigger problems."

Ever since its inception in the seventies, the PQ has been stymied by a basic design flaw. To achieve sovereignty, it must take power. A radical platform makes that difficult. Scheduling the platform helps, but once in power the government becomes responsible to all citizens, including foes of separatism—and avoiding infighting is a weekly mandate to proceed toward separation.

There were only two occasions when support for sovereignty grew up into the 50 per cent threshold in the last two decades, and each time, the Parti Québécois was in opposition. On both those occasions, the impulse arose from Ottawa—the collapse of the March 14th accord in 1995, and the sponsorship scandal more recently. "For every Quebec

SINCE ITS INCEPTION IN THE SEVENTIES, THE PQ HAS BEEN STYMIED BY A BASIC DESIGN FLAW

in separation in the ultimate goal," says Jean-Henri Gauthier, a political scientist at Université Sherbrooke. The working equation is simple: sharing with Ottawa equals separatist decline.

There is no worse predicament than that of a successful separatist movement. Early on, the PQ was able to correct some of the more pressing issues—cultural insecurity, economic inquiries—that had given it birth in the first place. More recently, incandescent Quebecers have watched the Harper government throw away the (seemingly) prestigious seat at UNESCO, sexual (censorship) and a few dallies of asymmetrical federalism their way. Small wonder, then, that separatist seems such a long way off to Bessette.

What do it if federalism works better? In Lévesque's latest poll, a majority of voters wanted not just stability, but a long, hard look at Mario Dumont before considering him premier-in-waiting. The PQ is embarking on a long, inward-looking journey to see if and how it can improve itself. Nobody seems to be a happy far-etched dramatic at the moment. So, the question now is: can the Parti Québécois survive through such a period of calm and stability? And, if so, for how long? ■

No place to hide

As adman Jean Lafleur found out, it's tough to get lost in Costa Rica

BY NICHOLAS KÖHLER • Though in Montréal, a U.S. lawyer with more experience in international extradition, is constantly blitzed with queries from readers seeking the perfect gateway destination. "I think I've going to be criminally charged," they'll blurt—"what country can I go to to escape extradition?" Hendamel Cuba? Brazil? McNeill's can't help. "I need to reply," he says. "Now I can delete them." Criss cross and legal hurdles, McNeill won't even discuss hypotheticals. But he does say this about Costa Rica, the Central American country where Jean Lafleur, slapped recently with 23 charges of fraud connected to its \$18 billion in federal government sponsorship contracts, was last sent. "That's usually a good thing there." But it is no place to hide.

Costa Rica, where, in 2005, Lafleur's local partner attracted the attention of authorities, began an extradition treaty with the U.S. and is hailed here as a "disruptive partner." Seeking the way far and abroad to Canada. "Finally," says McNeill, "you don't see any country that can avoid law or where there's an extradition treaty, you wouldn't want to"—including Zimbabwe, North Korea, Saudi Arabia and China.

Do people up sticks and try Costa Rica anyway? "An amateur might," says Roger Gidycz, founder of *Disruptive Partners*, a website that offers international relocation services. "Because the only people who disappear in Costa Rica are the people you invest your money with." As for foreigners, "Everyone knows who you are and where you are—there are no secrets," Gidycz adds. "If they can figure out a way to separate you from your money—even if it's turning you over to a bounty hunter—they'll do it."

Still, the place attracts the notoriety, from Gidycz, again, the Canadian online gambling entrepreneur who won't be sent in the U.S. for fear of arrest, to former U.S. English teacher John Mark Kras, who last year fled after going *Johnny Rotten* (Krasney). The rest of us would do better running to Brazil, says Brian Krag, president of the Krag-Riedl & Associates investigative firm, where the population is so large that getting lost is easy. So Costa Rica's appeal as a working point is overrated. Lafleur's appeal may be—should watch how loud he plays his music. ■

DION MUST SETTLE ON INITIATIVES VOTERS CAN GRASP



DION has been aiming a bit well with his recent efforts

and 2004, the crime rate fell by 22 per cent, and the violent crime rate fell by 15 per cent."

It was a textbook example of what Dion's followers like best about the detail-oriented, audience-targeted politician, and of what makes the incumbent wondering if he's got what it takes. Harper has made a modestly pragmatic politician, tacking along toward the centre, happier selling a narrow set of policies—a ten-point list for families with kids, say, or soft mandatory retirement for gun officers—than any broad range of across-the-board policy. Liberals argue that leaves Dion floundering open to attacks as a voters who cave big time.

"There's a real wall in the Liberal party to talk about a broader vision for the country," says Mike Crowley, the party's Ontario president. "You see the opposite: Conservatives Harper picks and chooses little initiatives."

Still, Crowley concedes that Dion must eventually settle on more initiatives of his own that he'll broadcast philosophy into policy programs voters can readily grasp. That sharpening of focus should come through a Liberal government development process being spearheaded by two of Dion's former leadership rivals, MP Scott Brison and one-time Ontario NDP premier Bob Rae. A key question is whether Dion will try to do what he says back toward the centre

is the Tory position, and they think they can do it with precision crafted policy and disciplined messaging. Harper has already defused the Conservatives' target voters' hard work by people who don't have the time to wage programs or the money to hire lobbyists.

The exception for Liberals is that ordinary Canadians might believe Harper: see them that way. In a February opinion poll, Dion probing the leaders' images, Harper was ranked as "someone who has values that are close to your own" by 77 per cent, way ahead of Dion's 34 per cent. And while those key party support numbers have shown the Liberals slipping within striking distance of the Tories, Harper outstrips Dion by far on leader popularity ratings. On a straightforward question of which party leader would make the best prime minister, Harper scored 46 per cent, nearly double Dion's 25 per cent. It's opinion surveys that these, not the more widely cited party home-race polls, that Tony Martin's trend concedes when they make the race for spring election. They know their guy is ahead, far, fast, and might lift his party in a spring campaign against the less well prepared Liberals. The question is whether Harper has the nerve to test Dion as he emerges from an undeniably miserable winter as a spring of new possibility. ■



HANG ON! PHOSPHATE AND RED THEM. Have you checked your own backyard lately?

"I am not persuaded by it," Riddout says, "but we need to be more proactive about defending the hunt."

Liberál MP Scott Brison has a better idea. In his opinion, the vocal crux of the hunt is Germany's agriculture minister, Jürgen Trittgen, who stood up in the House of Commons last March and tried to introduce a bill for the protection of German deer and boar products. Admittedly, it was a snare. Canada's hunting industry is worth \$55 million a year, while the German market is more than twice that. Still, every year, Germans kill more than one million deer and half a million wild boars, many of them too young to be venison. Instead of diplomatic assistance like Sullivan's, Brison says, "Why don't we say, 'Hey, have you checked your own backyard lately?'"

That question could be put to other countries as well. Great Britain, for example, has endorsed anti-sport hunting activities in Northern Ireland while its police force is blamed for the illegal sport of fox hunting, which is illegal in England and Wales. Tinkins have spoken out against hunting even as supporters today down the corridors of Ottawa wearing fur. But Brison had a point about Germany: they do love to hunt.

In Prince George, B.C., German-born big game hunter Michael Schneider says hunting was a way of life in his native country. He takes clients from Canada and the U.S. to hunt various types of deer and boar there, some of them trophy animals. Like many seal hunters, Germans use rifles, Schneider says. And like the seal hunt, poaching in Germany is well regulated, a necessity even. "Game populations have to be managed by people somehow," he says. "There are no predators—well, we had one bear last year and they shot that." (Ours the brown bear, killed by hunters last July in a Bavarian town, was the first wild bear to be seen in Germany since 1815. Schneider doesn't mention reports of two groups of wolves that have crossed into Germany from Poland, posing a risk to farm hunters to shoot them too before someone gets hurt. Wolves were exterminated in Germany around 1900.)

Some German hunters even come to Canada, "for a little bit more of an old-style wilderness," says outdoor writer B. J. Bailey, also of Prince George. They were a nuisance before recent seasons opened the wilds of East Germany to everyone, Bailey says. But they still like to hunt moose and bear and take antlers and bear skulls and hides home as trophies. As for anti-hunting activities, Schneider says people who are appalled by hunting have mostly a lack of knowledge. "If it is sustainable, he says, like the 5 million sheep sold here in Canada, then why not?"

Sullivan is still struck by the minifur craze that unfolded wholesale by politicians who want to appease their constituents in Europe. "When I read transcripts from the Belgian legislature saying we are not killing white cranes—a species that's supposed to be years ago—I think they had a responsibility to do their research," he says. "I will bring forth the truth and it won't be based on fantasies." Speaking of the pressure, Sullivan says, "The seal hunt in Canada is their big fundraiser. When you get \$6 or \$9 per seal of your building from one thing, you have to make it for all the work." Still, he says, it's not a money-making by any means.

As its current costs of \$20,000 a seal, Canada's hunt is increasingly a highly visible target. And in Newfoundland, where it has been proposed to be regulated, it is facing hard-pressed opponents who are in favour. He points out that Belgium never was a market for seal skins, so that country's law is not as strict. But, as he knows, if some European ports close to seal products, it's up to them on what will be a concern. And the EU, which is calling for further investigation of the harmlessness of Canada's hunt, "is a large innovation in terms of public opinion," he says. Riddout last met with two EU delegates privately, as well as a number of German politicians. "But Schneider has never been here," Riddout says. "So much for unbiased opinion." ■

PREPARE FOR WAR, BUT BLAME THE ENEMY

It's interesting when you see a government spending to a 10,000-ton fight from factories followed by military action to extend the leader of the official Opposition. It's very odd for the government to start something at the leader of the official Opposition trying to provide an election campaign. —Liberál MP David McGuinty responding to the Tories giving media tours of a Jewish new campaign headquarters in Ottawa



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A photograph of two men in suits standing next to a large ceremonial check. The check is white with black and blue text, featuring the number '1,000,000' prominently. The man on the left is holding the check, and the man on the right is holding a small object, possibly a trophy or a small gift. The background is dark and indistinct.

drug manufacturers, Pafco, a leading contract drug maker, and Perless Clothing, which manufactures men's suits under license for upscale brands like Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren. Even Montreal-based Gold in Active wear, one of the largest T-shirt makers in the world, is no Frant of the Loam.

Some say it's because we're just too damn nice and mellow—if the road is just as inspiring as anything and takes it out for world domination. Fine, despite their southern leanings, we're definitely not soft and cuddly, say those who have dealt with them. The *Australians*, descended from rogues settled in a distant land, are intrepid adventurers who travel the

In a country without a lot of large car parts or moderate number of firms are general manufacturers or outsourced contractors hard to make other companies' products. The no-name club includes Corx, which is now the largest private-label soft drink manufacturer in the world; Celosia, a consumer electronics manufacturer; Apispa, a grand

CANADIAN RESOURCES and inventories have

That's not to say that Canadians never come up with innovative technologies or groundbreaking innovations. They do. In fact, they do it quite often. The problem is that they seem to have a hard time making the leap from the laboratory to the marketplace. When a Canadian product does make it to the mass market, it usually does so because an American

of the greatest medical discoveries of the 20th century, yet the two never managed to cut in on their work, considering it "culturally unacceptable," says Mandilov, to connect culture to science.

A group of Danish scientists, however, were not bothered by similar concerns. Outlining the Canadian breakthrough in their journal

"Canada has some software and electronics companies, a little aircraft, but no consumer goods or cars, and it's not really happening for computers or pharmaceuticals," says Mondragon. "You could be the Norway

...HOME OF THE CAREFUL

in North America and rely on commodities, but you are not going to be Sweden, which is home to the top-selling drug in the world and probably the top producer. The question is, where does Canada fit in?"

It's a good question. To answer it, I asked four related questions about the largest supposedly "Canadian" companies to gauge the country's entrepreneurial drive and managing capital capacity—the basic requirements for creating global competitive companies.

1. How many companies were founded by immigrants?
2. How many had American or other foreign investments?
3. How many were actually subsidiaries or spinoffs of foreign companies?
4. How many, despite a listing on a Canadian stock exchange, had a CEO and/or a head office located south of the border?

The answers lead to an astonishing conclusion: an economy on cruise control, with foreigners and foreign firms dominating the wheel, while native-born Canadians mow the back seat. To begin with, almost every significant high-tech firm to come out of the GTA area,

American Jockey turned pioneer behind the Intense energy and naming ventures Moses Zisman, the architect of the Toronto-based Jockey media group, was born in Tajikistan, the son of a Holocaust survivor. Saul Podberg also emerged the son in Poland and went on to found the Global Group of Companies, one of the world's largest office furniture manufacturers. German-born Stephen Jurkowski, the thirty-eight-year-old octogenarian leading up the multi-billion-dollar export meat business, Jurokowsky Fraser & Co.,

CANADIANS ABDICATE BRAND BUILDING. IT COMES BACK TO OUR GREAT INFERIORITY COMPLEX.'



Sweden has champions like IKEA. We act more like Norway

excepted from France just as the Nuns landed on St. John's Gullion Wharf, the grocery store, was born in France, where Nils Laidar, an immigrant, was the son of a high school teacher. In Regina, in Missouri, was born in Turkey. In perhaps the most telling example of all, Canada's own world leader, Eaton, was started by two Americans from Detroit.

In the seemingly rare instance in which companies spring from Canadians here, they are usually managed by Canadians. Search beneath the surface of many a Canadian company and you will likely find an American. The elite intensity overseas such national icons as Air Canada, CN Rail, and Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. Other names include oil company Suncor Energy, electronics manufacturer Cayenne, luxury firm Abitibi-Consolidated, Timberco and West Fraser Timber, Maclean International and Noranda. Our northern outposts also oversee the mining interests of Comoro, Perish Corporation of Saskatchewan,

and INCO, and are not separately the British-Born executives on McCain Foods and Thomson Energy.

Some companies are even double dipper. CN, Carr, Louis Gave International, Nova Chemicals, Brookfield Properties (which built the iconic Montreal Forum) and Thomson Corp. are not only American-run, but their CEOs all live in the U.S. AT&T Technologies, one of the world's largest IT-telecommunications design firms, has the distinction of being a triple dipper. Founded by Bruce Tsien Hing, the son of a wealthy Chinese family displaced by the Communists, AT&T's top management is American, including CEO David Orton, who commutes

to work from California. To foreigners this is striking. "Canadians don't have confidence in their own abilities. They often bring in Americans to run their companies," says Doris Mandel (a European) made consultant in Canada Inc. "It's an issue of corporate culture. Canadians try to pretend they are not who they are." And there's another root of the dilemma because their economy is essentially run by foreigners, they necessarily downplay or understate their own abilities, and they often share our own Canadian bias. Why is it, says Andrew Steiner, top-president of marketing and business development for Diamond

Inc. in White and Speltz, that uniquely Canadian brands like Coffee King, comedy bars like Molson Canadian, beer company name listed around the world? "Canadians abdicate brand building," he says. "It comes back to our Canadian inferiority complex."

Canada seems to have courted the aerial evolution from low-cost manufacturer to value-added brander on its head. While the wine, behind the same reason may be part of the Canadian inferiority complex. "It's not going to allow us to win on the global business playing field," instead, it will brand as it is "the economy that stands for nothing," a squard in a mangle of fingers, draped and draped. ■

The abridged portion of "The Last Branding" comes from the book "Why We Mustn't Drink Molson" by Andrew Mandel-Campbell. Published by Douglas & McIntyre Ltd. Reprinted with permission of the publisher.

BO SILE MO: VENEZIA'S ONLY LADY GODOLFER

There were 500-odd people lined up waiting for her and she pulled a steering wheel three times, but after 10 years of driving, Geronimo-born Alameda has become Venezia's first-ever female golfer. Although she looks good in the trademark white shirt, she had to go to court to wear the 456-wale golfers' skirt. Her boys say it will take a while to overcome masculine opposition. "The male golfers were just going to let her do it."



Brian Hunter: Once bitten but never shy

BY NICHOLAS DÖHLER • A couple of years ago, when he was just 11, Calgary's Brian Hunter, a tall, unassuming young man of Alberta with good-natured, successful personal gas trader, was being quickly hailed for governing the Amaranth Admiration Festival. His employment in a field of protest. He faced a Raman in the summer and a honey in the winter, Hunter was being aggressively courted by U.S. hedge funds, but remained little known until his uncommon 2005 boom as an industry trade magazine.

Then, just a year later, Hunter lost Amaranth's 11 billion—1998 million of it on Sept. 14, 2005, along—by gambling on the weather. It was the largest hedge fund loss in history. Hunter's highest bid failed to get the weather, leading the market to shedding loss. Now the 15-year-old Hunter is taking a vacation for a second chance. And he's giving it.

His new hedge fund, Sledge Capital, is reportedly raising up to \$100 million while requiring investors to lock their money in for two years. More than just an echo of Amaranth's, Sledge also something of a reflection. Amaranth's chief executive Karl Sauer, Shalee Lee and Matthew Galloway are also involved. The group has lost more than \$100 million, but refused to comment for this story, is haunted by Amaranth's alleged misadventure last week by the San Diego County Employees Retirement Association names Hunter and other Amaranth types in what is likely the first in a line of lawsuits.

Meanwhile, Sledge has moved on from its old office, ramping up a new office for its first investment in a new office to recover a portion of its "confidential" promotional business. The somewhat regret from such Amaranth's new interest in a new office.



BRIAN HUNTER lost \$4.5 billion last year betting on the weather

entire, leading to complaints Hunter is contributing to increasingly bad weather around the world. But he's not discouraged. "I will start your ability to say—well, it's a new year. Just (just two years ago) before you became an unlikely hero—well, I never will always afford you another shot. ■

This burger lived a happy life... really

BY GREG CAMPBELL • It's hard to imagine someone unthinkingly slice the head on a right group. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and the world's second largest hamburger flipping fast food chain Burger King (the restaurant responsible for that place mentioned in the Triple Whopper). And just last week PETA posted Burger King to prove the company's devotion to start buying pork and poultry from suppliers that don't confine their animals to small cages.

Burger King, following several years of discussions with PETA and other groups, said it would start buying 10 per cent of its pork from suppliers that raise pigs in other than small cages, and two per cent of its eggs from suppliers that don't cage their hens. Burger King plans to discuss these numbers by year end. In the end, it would begin favouring pork suppliers that don't confine their hogs in small cages.



BURGER KING has second a deal of approval from PETA

hamburger brand name, called "controlled atmosphere killing." "We companies are in a positive direction, we have only good things to say about this," says Matt Prescott, the manager of PETA's factory farming campaign. "Burger King has now actually taken the lead in the fast food industry."

Fast food restaurants have long followed the lead of the fast food industry's first group, McDonald's. As a result, they've slowly but steadily pushed factory farming reform in a bid to stay ahead of consumer sentiment. Fast food companies buy a lot of meat, and the fast food industry's influence over the industry is much more powerful than in the case with company standards to maintain humane practices.

Ironically, the major fast-food chain like Burger King and McDonald's, one of the first to set animal welfare standards, now offer some of the most widely farmed pork available. "Aside from White Foods grocery chain, Burger King has probably the best animal welfare policy of any restaurant or grocery chain," says Prescott. Fast food may be unhealthy, but for animal sake, it's one of the best the food industry has to offer. ■

FREQUENT BATHROOM TRIPS?



Bell Prostate Control Tea. It's hard to imagine someone unthinkingly slice the head on a right group. People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and the world's second largest hamburger flipping fast food chain Burger King (the restaurant responsible for that place mentioned in the Triple Whopper). And just last week PETA posted Burger King to prove the company's devotion to start buying pork and poultry from suppliers that don't confine their animals to small cages.



Bell Bladder Control Tea for Women

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DESPITE THE LAST four years, Black is a man of apparently unshakable optimism

THE DEFENCE VS. A REALLY BIG CHEQUE

This case is codswallop but even so, it's hard to see a 'happy ending'



MARK REYN

On Monday this week the press courts showed off the court's big cheque. Very big, by the time it was blown up and displayed on the giant screen opposite the jury box. Pay to the order of Conrad Black two million, six hundred and twelve thousand and five hundred dollars. I think that requires two signatures. The jury arrived at the cheque unanimously. These are pretty big numbers even before they're transferred. The government had called Angela Wray—formerly Hollinger VP Mark Reyn's legal secretary, these days evidently not quite so. In Conrad's new biography of Nixon will no doubt confirm, the Rosemary Woodson of the typing pool are negatively free and far between. Enigmatically framed by tangleberry eyebrows, Miss Wray's unadorned expression hinted at a void in conversation

a lifetime of toil was invested in Hollinger. Hard-working single mothers abundant in by-faction low-life boyfriends but still hoping to be sending the kid to college on their hard-earned Hollinger stock.

If, in fact, you think this case is codswallop and beholden, you find yourself at such moments speculating on what would be a "happy ending". Conrad acquiesced, of course. But then what? Perhaps the cover of the conservative neo-gothic edition of *Macdonald* shows something like the Cheong Cheong firm building to demand back his key to the executive wilderness.

Waddy. But it's hard to see how it can happen Black's control of Hollinger International in Chicago depends on his control of Hollinger Inc. in Toronto, which depends on his control of Kavanagh. Kavanagh is now owned, and Hollinger Inc. is on the verge of total disintegration, and what's left of Hollinger International is basically one more start-up daily in a congested decline with no buyers in sight.

In other words, no happy ending. That is a strong whiff of "double jeopardy" about this case. That's to say, you later the principle that a man should not be tried twice for the same crime. Conrad Black's minority shareholders, a special committee, his fellow directors, a Delaware judge and Ontario regulators have already pronounced on his ownership of Hollinger. The result is that he has been removed as chairman in Chicago, seen his companies in Toronto collapsed, is presently now jailed at the House of Lords in London, has had his bank accounts in the Cayman Islands frozen, the sole proceeds of his apartments in New York confiscated, here executed all over his house in Palm Beach, and been sued for a gazillion dollars pretty much period. That's a decisive market call correction. But Patrick Fitzgerald, the esteemed (well, self-assured) U.S. attorney, and his less than glib young Turks on the prosecutors' table, feel it's necessary for the criminal justice system to get a piece of the action, too.

Wandering Jeffrey Guttman runs around the courtoons peering out Black, Bouffiere, Atkinson and Kipman—the "four crooks who stole \$60 million"—you appreciate the importance of establishing early what kind of these you're presenting. My wife friend the board chairman George Albright had a huge hit in 1988 with a play called *Copacabana* about a Southern belle and her shifless boyfriend, interfaithers and shotgun cause. The author had written it as a comedy. Miltner Albright decided to play it as a harrowing melodrama. Since before, same before, same after, just

for real. That "Ingle and exquisite tragedy" (John Anderson, *The Evening Post*) was the author of the notion.

The government's case depends on a similar transformation. If Black and Co are thieves, then of what? They stole supposedly \$60 million from Hollinger International's shareholders. But ownership of them is not his ownership of their property. As this gilded goldfish pool in the end of financial success advertisements warns, the value of your investment can go up and it can go way, way down. It's like buying a half-pinted lot of chocolate and opening it up to discover there's a couple of lumps in there—in, alternate lives, a couple of pranks.

The Black bar gang are alleged to have transferred \$60 million almost all to the now famous "non-compete" fees. But this is \$60 million from asset sales of a few thousand dollars. In many other cases of business, this would be called a two per cent sales commission.

Did these guys deserve a seven per cent sales commission? Well, one thing you notice is that Hollinger said it needs for the price. The lawyers wouldn't pay today what they paid for the Ontario Crown, November 5th, 1998. It is 2000 it was the biggest deal in Canadian history. Well, okay, they're big city newspapers. But, if you really thought you could pick up a small specialist employer for a few hundred thousand, note this Hollinger said American Investor, a magazine for American investors, and its sister publication *After 5*. *After 5* is a \$10 million. The money publisher from North Dakota (twisted) but he said he'd "probably" shelled out too much for the *Investment* line. A fellow from CNN (I verified that they'd paid Hollinger just shy of \$1 billion for a bundle of word news magazines, but without mentioning that the *Albion* public printers' schemes that financial deal came to the conclusion.

CNN had overpaid and shortly thereafter the chief executive was delinquent.

In other words, on American Investor, the Montreal Gazette, the Calgary Herald, the Vancouver Sun, the Montreal Free Press, the St. Joseph, Mich., and hundreds and hundreds of others, the particular contents of a handful of accounts generated more cash than these said than many guys would have done in it—and certainly more than enough to cover \$60 million in non-compete fees.

In the end, there's a matter of conviction, a judgment call. But what's the point? The government says no, it isn't, it's true. And, as such, Capote, your reason to the show is determined in large part by which genre

it's presented as comedy or tragedy, business deal or misleading scheme.

Despite the vicissitudes of the last four years, Conrad Black is a man of apparently unshakable optimism. When we exchange a few words in breaks between sentences, he's about and chipper and displaying his favorite natural metaphor to describe how the morning goes. Tardus, a kind by nature and trade (a columnist is perform more critical than a publisher) reads to a glimmering of the proceedings. The truth is somewhere in between. The U.S. government has a week once it has finally decided what it accused at Hollinger International as a crime, even though it's a crime itself and endorsed by elected congresses, businessmen, magazine, audit committee, voters. Consider too low, the professional sawney of one of corporate lawyers and one of the world's biggest accounting firms and indeed of the Justice Department itself. And perhaps the best illustration of the rebirth of the situation came in this exchange between Joe Newman, Jack Boulwer's amiable octo-

"It isn't really a company that has 'expectancy', is it?" asked Mr. Newman. "It's the people."

"That is correct," agreed Mr. Newman. "It's the people who have the knowledge of the market."

"Correct."

There is no Hollinger. There was once, long ago. It was a man called Henry and he discovered a gold mine on some Toronto. But, in fact, there was no gold mine in the late day Hollinger, it was no more than the "superpower" and "knowledge of the market" of a handful of people. There's not even an "asset" in any long sense: a newspaper expert in midnight each day, you need to make it sales, every morning.

But, like Capote on Broadway, some nature knowledge is now being played on tragedy. Occasionally, the *defendants' fine* legal teams sound as if they're addressing defense to find one that works.

a) these non-compete fees were requested by the buyers,
b) even if they weren't requested by the buyers, doesn't mean there's anything wrong with them.

c) and, if there is something wrong with them, it was David Radler who cooked it up and Conrad and Co could have no way of knowing.

All the above may be true, but it occasionally sounds like the defense of the man accused of shooting his partner. I wouldn't have shot them because I didn't even a guy said, if I did, it was an accident.

I'm inclined to believe in option c) David Radler is not *defending* Hollinger, determined to make no much dough with him as he could, and so protect himself by left as away of his colleagues' fingerprints over the body as

he could. Yet across past the defense team has to decide whether to go for that argument all out, or shop for another.

But I think of it as a chess game played all over the wall this week. And I wonder sometimes if defense could win every point, but losing the match. ■

SELF-ESTIMED U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald



IT WAS AS IF DELLATRETT HAD BEEN PERSUADED BY HAMILTON BURGER TO TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE

getman attorney, and David Poston. His company bought several Michigan and Illinois papers from Hollinger and was anxious to sign non-compete to prevent the seller using an "experience" and "knowledge of the market" to return to these towns and compete with him.



WHO'S SUING WHOM

POSTAL WORKER TAKES A STAND AGAINST LUNCH
KIMBERLY H. W. Postal Service employee says the post office is forcing him to take lunch breaks and that's just not right. At 55, the Florida resident suffers from cerebral palsy, a crippling movement is more painful than keeping working. He's suing the postal service under the Americans with Disabilities Act, claiming that mandatory lunch breaks violate his rights. He demands to stay lunch break time his lawyer's fee paid.



IS GOD POISON?

A new movement blames God for every social problem from Darfur to child abuse.

BY ERIAN BRUNNE

[illegible]

Next month sees the publication of Christopher Hitchens' *God Is Not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything*, a scathing and moral documentation by the polemicist and polemicist. It will join the steady stream of "atheist" books that began five years ago, after 9/11 as

No surprise, then, that what Hershens calls



At Munich, supporters, who were already satiated by media reports of their own Western associates when they made to the real shock of Islamic terrorism—the attacks in New York, London and Madrid, the suicide bombings in Shi'a and Sunni Iraq. The events had stunned them, but not only against Islamic faith, but, in one might expect. The street nations all agree in a kind of consensus is under way, but it's not between East and West, or Muslims and Christians, but between nationality and superstition. Only, who degrades equality when he calls "the fascists of the East" (the Western world), refuses to take sides, while Dostoev and others are primarily devoted to building American Christianity.

The Oxford professor, in particular, seems gravely worried over the possible emergence of the ultimate rogue state, a modern armed American Christian fundamentalist theocracy [Dawkins' with religious beliefs are rightly graded to his anti-Americanism. Especially his anti-Buddhism. "You can't stand the man's wife," he said the Times of London, "the way he straggles and wrings and stinks and the way he looks up and dreadful and the way Americans can't see it." Luke Haines, Dawkins thinks something can and should be done about this—oddly enough, through elaborate "drama in the wood-fish heads."

Hachens, on the other hand, is virtually the last leftist supporter remaining for George W. Bush's war in Iraq, and finds himself rather in the position of Churchill making common cause with Stalin ("If Hitler had invaded hell, the war in hell itself being unimpaired").

100

"The argument between faith and no-faith is irritating again, it is a way that's not been seen since the Scoops mobility trial," Hinchey says over the phone from his Washington home. "Whether we're arguing about intervening in Darfur or about the recognition of gay marriage, underneath we're always arguing about religion." He could easily have added from an endless series of other topics across Asia and North America: how-bad-an issue is a debate money-changer was long over

Today, it isn't just Satgurs, the non-ending struggle between supporters and opponents over inserting intelligent Design, creationism's latest incarnation, into the nation's schools is a religious fight. It's one that involves three powerful judges who have ruled 10 unconstitutional have received death threats. Angry debates over the permissibility of abortion, euthanasia, stem cell research and the public display of religious symbols and icons are all intensely faith-based. In America many of the devout not only wish to maintain the centuries-old divide of Church

THERE'S A NEW CLASH OF CIVILIZATIONS, NOT BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, BUT BETWEEN RATIONALITY AND SUPERSTITION

In a video interview, *Le Monde* recently, in engaging the public in Leiden's Westminster Central Hall on March 27, some 2,000 people turned out to hear Willem Daalder and philosopher A.C. Grayling debate a list of religious authorities on the question "We'd be better off without religion." [The former, current, 1,285 to 715.] Daalder is pleased to settle the issue. He thinks a religion of hope. "We believe in something that is not a fact, but a conviction," he says. "We are not afraid of death, but we did find the journey worth it. Instead, those of us who used to think we'd survive a life free from religion are disappointed with results and disappointed with themselves, with Dutch citizenship, who can't work and a corrupted Dutch education system, and living in the EU. It's better, more people, than



DAVEKILL (group) will soon be joined on Broadway by the following: a follow-up album.

he, Churchill, would at least have made "a favourable reference to the Deathly House of Commons") to a British agent and an admirer of Miri Ali, who was driven from Holland by Islamic death threats. Hitchens is not inclined to see Europe as the last of all secular virtues, or America as its antithesis (Not like Islam, an American who constantly evades the transgression his overly religious



courtyaids are embarrassing here in front of the Europeans.) And he allows himself to have been a "guarded admirer" of Pope John Paul II's moral and physical courage.

His eye-lashers may findling good in n't
 given that it is not dwardly by the vixens of
 humane socialism. He-for more than the
 other arthem - never takes his eyes for long
 of the red shooting into gray on alongside
 the ideological struggle. "As I write these
 words," Heichers pen in conscious echo of
 the celebrated opening of George Orwell's
 1941 essay, "The Lion and the Unicorn,"
 "people of faith are in their different ways
 planning victory and rep destruction, and
 the destruction of all the hard-men human states
 means that I have touched upon: Religion
 cannot correct me."

The dream of all four books is a common assault on the world's three great monotheisms. They have a field day with the soft targets Judaism, Christianity and Islam particularly on the second occasion, the clashing error of contradictions between and within the faiths and, above all, with a confidence they're unshaken on humanity. The conscience God of the Old Testament is painted as a terrifying, merciless giant – a God whose followers can find ample precedent for their most heinous impulses. But Yahweh's not the only deity. Heavens beware a chapter to backing away to Eastern religions – particularly this one – which finds a more humane, less out there it was Blaise Pascal or St. Louis who, long before Heidegger and Al-Ghazali, pioneered "the dignifying truth of suicide warfare," and the metaphysical persuasiveness of Japanese Shintoists in their country's year-end 2001 ceremony was

Catholic Revival (for which numerous clergy have been charged with war crimes), the religious record is blood-soaked. The 20th century was no much better: thus the day just, Hiroshima points out, even if you exclude military troops in alliance with fascist regimes, which blaspheme emphatically refuted to "Nuclear can tell me fascism was not a religious movement at all," he says. Consider that most of it took place in Catholic countries, often fanned by neo-nazis with the Vatican, or that the Greek Orthodox Church blessed the junta, or that, on Hitler's Nordic paganism, of course, or even Italy, not even in Japan, that had that military alliance."

Rebukes like, Hiroshima says, become if

Richard kills. Michener says, because it is

condone use in a consensual rite with AIDS. One can only infer they think the cure—more frequent sexual intercourse—is worse than the disease. Outside of the heterosexuals, who could possibly come to that conclusion? Members of the Bush administration note funding the vaccine against human papilloma virus, a sexually transmitted disease that causes cervical cancer, on the grounds that fear of the disease should act as a deterrent to premarital sex. Or if you just can't, or just prefer to have it.

Then there's the even more prosaic explanation that unfolded in New York in 2005, cited by Hitchens in his book. It concerns a 57-year-old mother, a Jewish housewife, who like more deeply Orthodox mothers is attracted to

DAWKINS SEEMS SPIRITUALLY DEAF TO EVERYTHING FROM A SENSE OF WONDER TO THE PULL OF FAMILY OR COMMUNITY



PALESTINIAN Muslims worship near Jerusalem (left); a Muslim protester holds the Quran

most form of his trial. In this case, however, the model completely collapses by taking the infant's position, his mouth and sucking off the amputated forelimb. By doing, the New York model gets helped to at least three babies, killing one of them and bringing brain damage to another. His story raised that two-thirds of all adults, most of them unknowingly leads to the other two status which merely leads to cold cases in the whole playing a natural than to infant brains. The risk of contracting it from a mother is slightly higher—greater than a father's rates have been recorded, including one in Toronto in 1994, at the past 15 years. His slight loss here, nonetheless, and the need for the procedure from any rational perspective, is certainly not a good idea. The author, Dr. Mark Michael, Weinberg, backs off from the city health department's inconsistent bias, in the case of children of a time.

[illegible]

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from desire to death, and treacherer desire, pain and suffering, in doing so, and yet not really emotional to begin with. As far as they're willing to accept, behaviors are rationally well-ordered to allow them to own their own children—there is the name of sacred tradition, because the desire for death is something inherent in ourselves." Being told that "you're not really going to take a completely rational behavior," he said, "the idea that the rational behavior is false is false. It's false. Especially when we believe that life is the religious duty, little secret. They want to be told to die, they pray for the end and to come soon." "Christians understand the end of the world has not and would not happen. There's none. Almost half the American people believe in the end of the world, but they want to pudge the living and the dead within the next 50 years. This means, also, there's that should New York be destroyed in a nuclear attack." "Some significant perceptions of the world, the world is not a place of hope. Both of this sort do little to help to create a dumber, darker the outside."

Moderate believers naturally won't recognize themselves in these portraits of a bloody pathology, nor should they. But the story of the mother brings up an aspect of the atheist argument that is even more menacing for believers. Religion claims a central role in the protection of children—in Christianity, the command comes directly from Jesus: "Whoever shall offend one of these little ones..."



that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea" (Mark 9:42). But the rabbis argue that the monastic rule record, beginning with the drifting away of Abraham's willingness to obey God's command to slay his son Isaac—a foundational myth for all three faiths—is one of constant child abuse. It runs the gamut from the conspiracy Catholic Church's pedophilia scandal, to which known rapists were protected and moved from parish to parish, to religiously sanctioned Israeli genital mutilation, to Jehovah's Witnesses refusing blood

transmission for their offspring, as the regular visiting of schools home.

Disadvantaged children of color are more likely to be disciplined by adults playing out "scenes" of abortion and homosexuality, and by hell itself, complete with roared screams and the smell of burning sulphur. The fear of discrimination, especially toward and toward females, has been a driving force in the expression of the child's mind: for millions in a sense of being them to their faith. Millions who young have had this particular fear imbedded on them, Hedges says. "As for what happens



In actual fact, quite a lot of you're Christopher? Hitchens: "If I was suspected of raping a child, or torturing a child, or infecting one with a venereal disease, I might consider committing suicide (whether I was guilty or not) by committing the offence, I see. Religion, because it is a divine exemption, is not just moral."

The polemicists' total rejection of faith makes the very existence of religious moderation a puzzle to them. (Dawkins, in particular, seems typically deaf to everything from the sense of wonder to the pull of family and community) Except, perhaps, for Hitchens, who seems to be the only one who admits to having religious friends, the atheists' own dirty little secret—their contempt for moderation—is never far from the surface of their

books. They assert that moderates enable fanatics by allowing religious arguments a privileged place—it was a liberal Catholic debating partner who told Hitchcock that religious liberty demanded that faith be allowed to carry out their ancient rites as they saw fit. "In a litany way," Danforth said in an interview last fall in reference to one devout scientist, "I have more respect for a young creationist, referring to someone who proclaims that life on earth is only 6,000 years old."

That concept, along with the readiness and a totalitarian disdain for everything to do with religion, is rooted in fear and failure. They think they're losing. The triumph of



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Whipping your body into shape

If you answered true to any of the previous statements, you're wrong. But you're not alone. Hundreds of websites, magazines, trainers, all with a story to tell, help to perpetuate misconceptions about how to train to be your best, how to prevent injuries and what to eat to fuel your passion.

Perhaps the most important part of taking control of your training, and taking it to the next level, is understanding why you play squash, tennis, swim or run. Knowing your own motivation puts you in a good place for managing your objectives, monitoring your efficiency, and reducing your injuries.

Motivation

How do you feel about your activity? If you're a runner, do you like to run? Love to run? Hate to run? Or have to run? NOISE? Each of these attitudes brings with it a psychological baggage.

Like-to-Run typically are running to maintain their health. They're not particularly psyched about running, but see it more as a duty. "They haven't found their passion," says Dennis Lindsay, Owner/Director of Performance Athletes Gym, who believes that not until they do will they really excel.

Love-to-Run are the least likely to have a plan for their training. "They fit it in anywhere," says Lindsay but those 20 minutes today and an hour tomorrow may not be the best way to get your body to the next level whether that goal is to lose body fat or just run more efficiently.

Have-to-Run are prone to chronic overtraining, says Lindsay, who describes this group as OCD-runners (as in obsessive compulsive disorder). Without a plan, their compulsion to run causes injuries that can impact their long term.

Have-to-Run-MOREs

are highly competitive and often define themselves by their activity. Whether you are an elite competitor or determined to compete in the Boston Marathon, without consistent monitoring, you will get hurt.

Start SMART

"Goals must be Specific, Measurable, Achievable, Realistic, and Time-oriented," says Lindsay. **Specific** relates to how you phrase your goal. Elite runners don't say "I want to run faster next year." They say, "In six months my time will be 2 minutes and 30 seconds less." To make your goal **Measurable**, you need to know if you are

making progress by setting interim checkpoints along the way. Depending on your goal, you might check your progress daily, weekly or monthly. Your goal should be **Achievable** and **Realistic** but make you stretch. A goal with 100 percent chance of success won't push you to the next level. Set your goal too high, you'll be disappointed or worse, you'll really hurt yourself. And until you set a specific **Time** frame in which your objective will be accomplished, it is just a dream.

Monitor yourself

Most people don't know when they're too tired and when they need to pull back and rest. They need a trainer who can help them identify when they're right where they should be. That usually involves taking a battery of tests and being assessed by someone who's current with the latest in sports science.

A trainer should be looking at your test results, and referring to a written plan created specifically for you and establish a bench mark against which

you can measure yourself in the future in terms of your strengths and weaknesses. Your trainer can also compare your test results to other athletes in the same training group, the same sport, or to a similar population group to see how you measure up and help you set goals.

Dozens of tests can be used to help you see where you are now, and decide where you want to go in terms of taking your training to the next level. **VO2 max** is used as a measure of your aerobic fitness and endurance capabilities. Your **Lactate threshold** (also called your anaerobic threshold) identifies when lactic acid is produced at a greater rate than it can be removed from your body. **Running economy** refers to the ability to run a greater distance or run the same distance faster with a lower oxygen cost. The **Wingate Anaerobic Test** is used to determine peak anaerobic power and anaerobic capacity, which determines your ability to sustain intense workouts, while battling muscular fatigue.



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*Flattcher RN. Fairfield NM. Vitamin for Chronic Disease Prevention in Adults. JAMA. 2002;287:3127-3129.

Injury Prevention and Recovery

Janique Farand-Taylor is a sports physiotherapist and author of *Sold to the Core*, says that like a house, our bodies need a strong foundation for support. The five core muscles or groups of muscles that extend from the base of your spine to the area around your pelvis, including the muscles of your abdominal wall and back, when trained, foster stability and support for everything you do. When one of these muscles or groups of muscles is stronger than the others that leads to compensation. "The more you feed into the compensation pattern, the more you think that your position of comfort," says Farand-Taylor, "and then you become cranked without knowing it, wearing and tearing your joints and ligaments."

Marlene Nobrega, National Team Physiotherapist for Team Canada, suggests that people who are serious about training should undergo evaluation by a physiotherapist.

Stretching cold muscles can increase the risk of injury from pulls and tears. So you are better off doing gradual aerobic exercise before stretching.



specializing in sports to ensure there are no predisposing factors, which will ultimately lead to an injury.

Everyone knows the one key to an injury-free workout is the warm-up. But the old 15-20 minutes stretching to warm up is one example of an idea that's just its best-before date.

Stretching cold muscles can increase the risk of injury from pulls and tears. So you are better off doing gradual aerobic exercise before stretching. Nobrega suggests your warm-up should be "very dynamic." If you look at the way tennis players warm up, she says, it's not about long stretches. They start with laps around the court. The idea is to increase your heart rate and blood flow to the muscles. "Try jogging on the spot, skipping or high kicks knees to chest. Leg swings and leg circles will work as well as-ups and push-ups, or climb on your stationary bike for 10 min sets."

A less well-known tactic for reducing injury is cross-training. "Doing a lot of different sports is very good for people," says Nobrega. By cross-training you

condition different muscle groups, vary the stress placed on specific muscles or your cardiovascular system, and develop new skills. Even people who are passionate about one sport and working hard toward a specific goal should try doing something else at least one night a week.

"Listen to your body," says Nobrega. Be inquisitive about injury. If you go for a run and your knees hurt, be aware that you have a problem. Whether it turns out that your shoes are too old, or your tics are too heavy, you have to figure out what the problem is, because it will only get worse. Lindsay agrees. "If your shins are hurting you, you're going to run differently — on your toes, for example. People wonder how they get a sore back from running," says Lindsay. "Often it turns out it's because they are running less efficiently, trying to avoid stressing what already pains them."

Fuelling your passion

Like training, eating has some myths that can not only be detrimental to your efforts. Suse Langley, a registered dietitian and Certified Specialist in Sports Diets, says the biggest and most detrimental myths surround carbohydrates and their use. Because of all the headlines over high protein, low-carb diets, people are convinced that carbs are fattening. "Carbs are the prime fuel for both your brain and your muscles," says Langley, who says they also play an important role in mitigating cortisol levels that tend to elevate during consecutive days of training or long competitive events.

Langley says athletes tend to focus on protein to build muscle, avoiding the carbs that would provide them with the energy they need for muscle work. Not enough carbs mean runners deplete their energy stores and, if they continue

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FUEL UP

BE YOUR BEST

to push themselves, end up with injuries. "The new science evolving says you don't need a lot more protein to build muscles," says Langley. According to say researchers at McMaster University, it is the reps in the gym and a good balanced diet with enough calories that help build lean muscle.

Another myth that frustrates Langley is the one surrounding glycemic index. "People have become obsessed with avoiding all white food and all sugar," says Langley who points out that it's impossible to avoid sugar. She emphasizes that you can't look at an individual food's glycemic index and make your decision. "When you eat a high glycemic index," says Langley "but add some chicken and steamed carrots and the fat used to prepare the meat, and the glycemic index will go down."

That doesn't mean you should toss the glycemic index out with the bathwater; it still can be a useful guide

for eating. The scientific evidence currently points to relatively low glycemic index foods (before an event [either training or competition]), and then using high glycemic foods like a sports drink during the event to prevent your blood sugar from dropping. "After the event," says Langley, "athletes need high glycemic fuel to recover rapidly and replace muscle glycogen." That can be a sports drink, chocolate milk, or fruit juice.

Dana Loomis of the Running Room adds, "You should consume 500 ml of fluid 2 hours before you exercise, so promote adequate hydration and drink 150ml to 300ml of fluid every 30 minutes during exercise."

Wrap-up

If you're running for duty and wished you were running for the love of it, Loomis suggests that you join a running club or group. "People who run in groups have more fun and are more committed." If you're determined to take it to the next level on your own, only increase your distance by 10% a week at most. That allows your body to get used to the additional exertion so you don't become injured and discouraged.

As you increase your distance or your speed, you will need more fuel. "Eat when you're hungry," says Loomis, "but eat the right things: fruits, veggies and carbs."

Once you've set yourself a SMART goal, you'll need to keep track of your progress. Consider using a training log to note your distance, intensity, resting heart rate, fuel usage and how you feel. Evaluate your accomplishments to see what works for you and what doesn't.

To be the best you can be isn't just about desire and fitness. It's mostly about discipline. Manage your objectives, monitor your efficiency, reduce your injuries and be your best. ■

ENVIRONMENT

The price of a clean conscience

Do 'carbon credits' really help the earth? Well, it's complicated.

BY ANDREW WERNER • Inspired by Goldplay's new Greenprint brand, you've decided to go carbon neutral. And, in keeping with this new lifestyle, you'd like to know how much it'll cost to offset the greenhouse gases caused by your flight from Toronto to see them perform in Vancouver.

Estimating your monetary carbon footprint is a daunting task. You are likely going to find a calculator on the Internet. Some free, but increasingly, it's taking just \$20 to find a web service in South Dakota. Meanwhile, terracost.com demands a mere \$9.95 to clean up your carbon footprint. Apparently, depending on how guilty you feel or perhaps how much you enjoyed the last Goldplay record, the choice is yours. "There's no standardization. It's a voluntary market," explains Robby Connolly of Nature's Edge, builder of the aforementioned South Dakota website. "So initially, since we got a standard put in place and everyone's following it, all the calculations for emissions are linear equations."

For now, there's nothing linear about it. Offsetting emissions is fairly straightforward. Much of what we fly, burn or do in our day-to-day lives can make carbon dioxide. So, to lessen our impact, we might tell our own environmental ledger by investing in carbon-reducing options. Drive your car to the grocery store, throw some money at a windmill and everyone's happy.

The success stories of public policy have our heads lined up behind the movement. David Suzuki recently co-pled a carbon-neutral cross-country tour. Organizations such as the World Bank and MTV are working to offset their carbon sins. The Rolling Stones, Goldplay and Dave Matthews Band have promoted carbon-neutral tours and records. Lab and leader Stephen Gleason has promoted that his most effective campaign will do likewise. "If only it were so easy," "I'm in favour of carbon neutral. I'm not in favour of what it has come to mean—buying options that may or may not reduce emissions by so much so the anxiety that you're engaging in," says Ben Reicher, director of the Sierra Club's

global warming program. "On the one hand, it's useful to educate people about how much their own choices contribute. But if they see it as a moral obligation that allows them to pollute with impunity, then it would not be so good."

The average consumer might never get the enough to engage in such dubious-gettable environmentalism. The carbon offset industry remains unregulated and there are still a multitude of differing ideas, theories, assumptions

GOLDPLAY PAID TO PLANT MANGO TREES IN INDIA TO OFFSET THEIR TOUR. BUT THE PLAN WAS A BUST.



GOLDPLAY'S Chris Martin is just one of many artists who've embraced carbon offsets.

and calculations. Many of the carbon offsets are still being worked out. "When they released their second record, Goldplay promised to plant 10,000 mango trees in India to offset the band's emissions. But last year, when London's Daily Telegraph followed up on the project, it was reported that many of the trees had either died or never been planted in the first place. The planting is now considered a deluge of money for carbon."

The ones rampant with the policy consumer

to figure it all out. "I understand the confusion," says Connolly, who signs his emails "sustainably yours." "But I think you'll find the ones that are meeting those voluntary standards, the ones that are doing it right."

Then there is the philosophical debate. Sure it's easy for the Rolling Stones to spend the money, but what about the average working-class family already struggling on their drink of dollars for Rolling Stones tickets? And instead of paying someone to clean up the environment somewhere else, why not just pollute less yourself?

On this issue, the David Suzuki Foundation makes clear that before investing in offsets, one must do everything possible to reduce their emissions. You cannot buy your way into heaven. And Connolly says most of the individuals he hears from are from far wealthier households. "The reason why people do this has absolutely nothing to do with what has been purposed through out the media as a way of managing guilt," he

says. "Most people are involved in carbon offset programs because it's the logical next step in what it is that they're already doing."

There's it, of course, some logic to this. Global warming is a problem and offsetting the masses about emission sounds like a pretty good idea. Now we could just figure out a way to get something done with all this awareness. "It is confusing," Connolly says. "But there is an incredible amount of hope."

Seen of sounds like a Coldplay lyric. ■



WORLD'S LARGEST RABBIT STOKED ON CHEESE

It took animal-welfare experts have criticized a stunt promoting Woolley's meat. David Andrew Chelmer claims that, while feeding cheese to Amy, at 18 kg the world's largest rabbit, a spokesman for the RSPCA said that giving even a few flour-tail rabbit cheese is a bad idea. "They may enjoy eating cheese but it doesn't mean it's good for them." Considered a Woolley-like spokesman "Amy has been well looked after. She's just had a growth spurt."

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THE DAY THE EARTH SHOOK

An uphill battle that ended in death and glory. Novelist JOSEPH BOYDEN on Vimy Ridge—then, and now.

Thunder of gunfire and battle in northern France ending Vimy Ridge is as close to ecology as Canada might ever have. Interesting to think about, this entire region. Ninety years ago, on April 9, all four divisions of the Canadian Army came together for the first time. 100,000 too confused, bewildered, rebellious and unprepared soldiers, asked to do what both France and England had catastrophically failed to do in previous years: take a near-impossible fortress that guarded the Douai Plain, a vital cog in Germany's war machine. A brutal uphill battle.

April 9 thunders in, just as each new day has for the last 20, the roar of a massive Canadian artillery barrage on the German positions so loud and long you don't know if you'll ever hear such anything again. The rumbling drags and final of exploding shells has loosened your nerves and created a weak long nightmare. But this morning, it's different.

The shaking of the earth is rattled because you are under ground, squeezed into a long and dark tunnel, the cavern, one of the thousands of tunnels that run deep into the earth as the dirt where the war has been. You're a young boy from Saskatoon. A 50-year-old father of those from Toronto. A minister from Vancouver. A clerk from Montreal. You've stood in this tunnel for hours with no room to lie or even sit down. Suddenly officers cheer. The push of men, the dig of their rifles into your back and you are moving through the tunnel, forcing them to take a thin down a stream, climbing the steps to the fresh air and soil light above you, like a child as you head so hard your fingers are numb. Outside, it is raining.

You've trained for this all winter, just one of 30,000 men who go over the top today, Easter Monday, before the intensity of the explosion all around you, the rattling of machine guns as you climb from your cover and onto open ground, facing mud and craters and signs of barbed wire, all of it laid out on a hill before you that you must climb, all of this incredible noise, men your mind to a terrible battle. Men in rows in columns in full, some dead before they get the ground, others wincing in pain. But you can't stop to help



30,000 CANADIANS went over the top on Easter Monday, 1917. 4,000 died. Vimy Ridge.

them. You must push up the hill.

The Canadian artillery officers have tried this attack down to the second, and they need a hail of shells to pass in front, a creeping barrage that offers you some cover from the German machine gunners. You and the men on your section with behind this curtain of fire are just quickly enough sent to fall behind too far, just slowly enough not to be destroyed by your own artillery.

You, the young man from Saskatoon, you are a soldier in a dead Canadian in front of you, as a hail of fire launches down the slope behind you. Crawling back onto your feet again, your only thought is of how lucky you

are to have tripped when, that very second, the machine gun opens up again, and you stumble back, trying to make sense of what's just happened. It feels like you've been whacked in the chest by a sledgehammer and now you are on your back, the snow falling onto your face, just covering long enough to block out the scene of the battle above you. Some of the men who survived their wounds say they felt nothing, only a numbness when they were hit, but that's not the case for you. You are fit with a head in the blood pump out. You know what's coming, do what you were to yourself: you'll never die. You cry out for your mother, for

her embrace. But you won't feel that again. You, the 50-year-old from Toronto, a platoon of your young family killed safely in your name, you and your section have been given the task of taking an impossible German trench, but you've lost the others in the smoke and the noise and the darkness that's just beginning to lighten now. They must be ahead. You've been stumbling slowly up this incline, too slowly because you begin to cough, the fear of losing the others the most frightening thought in the whole world. To be all alone out here makes you want to put your pants too quick while becoming a man, and you are screaming for your friends, never knowing you rush into your own barrage. A scream from above, but not enough time to recognize your mistake, to realize that you've gotten too far ahead, or to think of your children and your wife tucked safely in bed back home.

You, the minister from Vancouver, your job is simple. Consume the meal and perform last rites for the dying. Much able to accept with a group of dead. There are no more eyes to keep you from looking at yourself. No obvious wounds on their bodies, they're back almost comfortably in the mud. A 59-year-old man's hand is on his forehead as they tend to slide over in this hole, its intense black concealing their bodies to violence that it seemed the internal organs too miserably. Nothing for you to do but to blow him out and close your eyes. You climb out of the crater and walk, upright like a human again, toward a young wounded man and ask him his name, if he wishes to be blessed. You don't know, will never know, that a German sniper on the rise has spotted your movement, and as you raise your hand to the young man's forehead, the crack of the rifle that kills you isn't audible in the scream and roar.

And you, a clerk from Montreal, you and your section are some of the first to sweep onto the German line, the confusion, a sinking sense of deep terror and tragedy. You are one of the first killed to stand on this ground, this hill held by the Germans for 2½ years. But you're not thinking of that. The hand-to-hand fighting is ferocious, the enemy repelled, wiped out like bugs. You're Canadian, you're a soldier, and you're thinking of the 10th Battalion, all about you and down the ally trench, it is still, could never be taken. Yes, Montreal clerk, you are part of this awful animal that the Germans have come to fear, and you're not part of it, the killing that happens close enough and with your bare hands, gripping a knee-knocker in a trench to see the eyes of those

who don't look much different than you. You look down the hill you've just climbed and see hundreds of Canadians, thousands coming to your aid. A German sergeant runs following up behind you, straight at your head, two-faced within club. You feel nothing except for what you think is the breath of your wife's bare foot along your calf.

Drown and drown in as Canadians go over the top this morning. For almost a 100,000, Easter Monday, 1917, is our land up on earth.

NINE DECADES LATER, nature has allowed us to forget what happened here. Almost. From below it, the ridge is a gentle sea of green grass and wildflowers and a stream of small fish. Sheep graze in and around the concrete dunes that dot the fields. Thousands of dips—old shell holes and craters filling in slowly with time. With what.



MY SON RETURNS WITH A PIECE OF HUMAN BONE, ASKING WHAT IT IS. WE PUT IT BACK WHERE HE FOUND IT.

as up that rise that leads to the monument, with what my friend Jim, my son, and me. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave.

We carry all the simple hard dirt loads on to our hole piece of Canada in France. We are immediately surrounded by men, long-gone forest, some of it growing out of old German support trenches. Moss blankets the ground. Birds call out. Jacob goes off exploring, and when he returns, he carries a piece of human bone, asking what it is. We place it back where he found it. Look at my son, a blue-eyed teen aged with the skin of young the military. Lots of dead soldiers he has, always his name, yes, he has never seen first.

The walk uphill to the monument looks deceptively easy, but we're all sweating hard.

No 70-lb packs on our shoulders today, no heavy rifles in our hands. No mud or dirt boots or barbed wire, no bullets or bombs going off around us.

The highest point of the ridge, Hill 145, holds the monument on a hill. Open fields surround it, the earth still pummeled into waves by 90-year-old artillery. Pigeons swirl from limestone, some still perched on stone walls, circle wreath pillars etched with the names of our missing, our dead. Keep up. With forward. Less against the cool limestone. Your two hands partially cover the names of those dead. First lies pressed on your palms.

That clerk from Montreal, he is the last at the cliff who serves you coffee each morning. That minister from Vancouver, he's the one you had over for dinner last Sunday who asked for seconds of the roast. That 50-year-old man from Toronto, he's your co-

worker who keeps the pictures of his family on his desk. That young man from Saskatoon, he's my son.

The Douai Plain stretches out beyond the monument. Listen now, carefully, as Jim explains the Allied High Command didn't expect the Canadians to take this ridge that day. Our section was simply a raw for other major assaults to the north.

But we took it. And there is up that rise that leads to the monument, with what my friend Jim, my son, and me. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave. We've come to my son's grandfather's grave.

was no backup plan at the start of victory, so all we could do was hold out ground and watch the Germans run.

We continue to stare. Jim points down the plain. "That path there leads straight to Germany."

"A waste, then," I say. "No, not a waste," Jim says, scanning the scene around his grandfather's mound. He bends to pick up a small stone or pebble to throw at the monument. I watch my son, his shape a contemporary sign of happy clothes and look blood here, and he is so beautiful my breath catches in my chest. Jim is right. Jim is so very right. ■

Joseph Boyden is currently working on the follow-up to his second novel, *Three Day Road*, the story of two native sisters in the First World War.



THE STONE AGE: WHINY CHICKS NEEDN'T APPL
What do prehistoric men do when they made carvings? Babel's! Especially ones with ample bottoms, according to Polish archaeologists who have examined 30 figurines dating from 10,000 years ago. All have prominent buttocks, deliberately over-emphasized by the carvers. Researchers can't say if the carvings were of real women, or of idealized women, but they believe that simple buttocks were a sign of wealth and therefore desirability.

THE BACK PAGES

tv

The *Elvis* Western's back page

media

Mary Walsh unambushed

bazaar

Don't speed this Soviet

taste

Chinese peas please

help

Weathered by mother

humour

Britney's poor children

BURNING DOWN THE GRINDHOUSE



Tarantino takes a badass harem on a retro joyride that's all over the road BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

film

It's hard to say if it's even possible to "spoil" a picture like *Grindhouse*. But if you're the sort of moviegoer who likes every shattered frame, splattered skull and fountain of gore to count as a vignette, consider this a spoiler alert: In *Planet Terror*—one of two artistically sophisticated movies that play back-to-back under the title *Grindhouse*—Rose McGowan portrays a go-go dancer whose leg is ripped from her body by zombies and replaced by a stick that's jammed into her stump. She later drives the broken end of the peg leg through the eye of a nigga played by Quentin Tarantino, then has it upgraded to a machine gun prosthetic that allows her to blow the living dead to a pulp while screeching on her rear in a black leather mini-skirt.

Tarantino calls this a "chuck fuck." Which is a bit like calling a meat-packing plant an animal shelter. Still, you can see his point: *Grindhouse* is chock full of improvised dialogue, waxes, bad-ass babes firing guns, gun-gang cars, kicking butt, and throwing butt, as they beat the tables on one-mech psycho psychos after another. The good guys are almost all girls. If *TiE* fans and *Loose*-meets *Die Hard* is a gun, a car and a woman to work—it's your ideal of a chick flick, forget it. That's not your man's feminist revenge fantasy.

Grindhouse consists of two 90-minute films, *Planet Terror* and

Goth Proof, written and directed by Robert Rodriguez and Tarantino respectively. They unspool back-to-back, padded with selected trailers for B movies that don't exist. To simulate the experience of a '70s "grindhouse" (a rundown theatre devoted to cheap horror and exploitation), the films are marinated with fast scratches, jolty edits and missing reels. Tarantino and Rodriguez have come up with the cinematic equivalent to distressed jeans. Making a fetish of vintage genres, *Grindhouse* offers the theme park ride through movie madness, coming between burning horrors and ironic caricature. Along the way, there are some cheap thrills and a few laughs. But it adds up to a self-indulgent car chase of movie logic. And in *Planet Terror*'s case, it shows a director who has become intoxicated by his own prodigious cinema: he's like the hero who's having too much fun as his own party.

Grindhouse is a passion to yet bring tribute to the outdoor aesthetics of B movies that inspired Tarantino and Rodriguez as they became rock stars of American independent cinema. If Spielberg and Lucas suffered in the age of blockbusters' special effects in the early '80s, it was Tarantino and Rodriguez who led the punk backlash a decade later. Hailing from Torrance and Tins, these two Southern California bad boys made their name in 1993—Tarantino with *Reservoir Dogs* and Rodriguez with *El Mariachi*. That was the

year they met, at the Tucson International Film Festival, and they've been brother-in-arms ever since. Rodriguez made his name with loaves-and-fishes budgeting—*El Mariachi* cost \$7,000—but grew up to be just another slick action director (Jpy Kido, Sex City). Tarantino became, for better or worse, the most influential filmmaker of his generation.

Their contributions to *Grindhouse* are a study in contrast. With *Planet Terror*, Rodriguez doggedly sticks to the B-movie misfire and delivers zombie horrors straight up, as a shocking onslaught of gore and gore. It's exhausting and, on the whole, tedious. Then, after a giddy interlude of grotesque (aka make-up) highlights of the movie, it stings again: Tarantino's *Goth Proof*, which feels strangely languorous and ironic after the Rodriguez film. Compared to *Planet Terror*, it plays like Shakespeare.

Tarantino has concocted a hybrid slasher/car chase movie, with Kurt Russell starring as a serial-killer wannabe driver. But the director seems more interested in *Friday* than *Friday*. The first half of the movie is largely told, including a car chase discussion that has the camera slowly circling four women sitting around a table—a dual answer to the opening restaurant scene in *Reservoir Dogs*.

Tarantino may be most famous for his brutal depictions of cruelty and violence. But his real film is dialogue. What made *Reservoir Dogs* truly groundbreaking in the way his characters talked to each other about things other than crime, right from the opening golfball snuff Mel Gibson and the chess of top dog. That's what a radical level from open

COURTESY OF ALLIANCE FILM FESTIVAL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



WALSHEVEN takes on Rick Warren, whose show doesn't do much selling. It's *Man On the Road Again* without the guitar.

Mary's mouth is back in action

As her feature debut hits the screen, she takes a satirical swipe at the state of the nation

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON It's been three years since Mary Walsh, the bitchy goddess of Canadian satire, deserted CBC's *The Hour*. In 12 minutes, she shared the largest ever And with her departure, some of television's most outrageous characters were modified. From Mary Delahanty, the huffie ace who made a career out of searing leading politicians, to Daisy Buchanan, the snooty socialite who once took a crack at *60 Minutes*. Since then, Walsh has been running her Newsworld/Info, disc with Hartung, Marlowe & The pitchfork, a black-humoured CBC comedy series, and now as a semi-distant launchpad for intimate debate with a goofy face called Young Driftless (and in 1993, it's about to replace Newsworld's Randi (First Avenue's actress of *Carroll*), who marries out as a murder in a backdoor outgroup that boasts a polyploid cast of characters, including a homicidal walrus, a talking dog, a talking cat, a talking walrus, a talking doctor (Peter Onorati) and an alien who died while (Andrew Morin).

But while Walsh is sending up Newfie stereotypes, who is left guarding the fort of Canadian political satire? The obvious answer would be her former 22 Minutes desk-mate and fellow Newfoundlanders Bob Merritt. He has become the nation's designated crier: just last year, he hosted the *Bob Merritt Report* on radio, often with caustic, a fact that hasn't escaped Walsh. "He doesn't seem to do much satire any more," she told *Maclean's* last week. "I don't see anybody out there doing any satire right now."

Although she was in Toronto to promote her movie, Walsh freely blasted any number of targets that were offered up to her, notably the current political climate. Merrier and his partner/producer Gerald Loran, she said, "are very smart and they know where the

country is going. We are in a fairly conservative little place now. Maybe Rick felt that for a while it was okay to be out there saying outrageous things to people in power, and maybe that's a shame when that's not all right. It's like they decided they were going to be like *On the Road Again* without the guitar." Then she added, "I don't mean to pick on Rick. I think Rick does a great show. But he's not sending up Rick Hiffer, he's not sending up the army, he's not saying, 'What the hell are we doing in Afghanistan?' as someone else went to do."

In fact, Tully and Mosser both insist Christ was introducing Canadian troops in Afghanistan, where "Wahis" dwelled from living hell, but didn't assume her trip incited the attacks. "It wasn't in an understandable way," she said, "because I wanted to see for myself what it was like here. And I'm someone like Afghanians from the airport, no one was happy to see us. If they talk about love and kindness, I didn't see any. It is easy to be overwhelmed. These young fresh faced men and women are doing our bidding with a full heart and putting their lives on the line. It would bring a tear to a glass eye. That what is the name of God are no force then?"

So why isn't Walsh asking Cox on the prospects of selling for a million TV viewers instead of making a ham-fisted movie that's likely to draw a much smaller audience?

"Because I'm not always thinking clearly," he says. "That's the honest answer. And because there is such romance around movies, and then one forgets that one is talking about English Canadian movies that no one goes to see. You'd probably be better going from theory to theory and performance."

She's already done that. *Money Trillix* is based on a play Walsh commissioned from her old drinking buddy Ray Gray in 1985, and has directed on stages throughout Atlantic Canada. The movie was produced by Quebec hit machine Denise Robert (Barbarian Days, Inasmuch Indians, The Rooster). Walsh is already planning another film with Robert, if she accepts *The Vinyl Cafe's* Stuart McLean to let her adapt Dave Cougle the Turkey

McLean's comball hamster is far cry from controversy. But Walsh says she'd like to jump back into the satirical fray. And she burbs it when she contemplates General Black ("he's like one of those noble barons from the turn of the century"), or Barbie Angel ("it's Gynarchy and she's Alexis Carington"), or "the amazingly violent Gattaca-ones." These days, it's easier to photograph a slapper at 24 Seven Eye than to unshush Stephen Harper on the Hill. But Walsh says there's talk of doing a Mary Delahanty special if there's a serious election. "So I can

shake my sword at the Prime Minister, who's beginning to look like 300 lb. of condemned man." Marg's sword may be sheathed, but it hasn't lost its edge. ■

STOP THE PRESSES... QUESTIONABLE INGREDIENTS

First, cat-person-faced dog and cat food, now chemical-laden human food. Or at least that's what the Toronto Star printed on March 8. Then a correction: "Active Nutrition dished out wrong tidbits. Thursday's Active Nutrition special section included mistakes. In a story about organic food, a list of minerals was inserted and incorrectly called pesticides. Pesticides are derived from these minerals."



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MOTHERS guilty of 'unsolicited' advice and like to be loved, says his expert. They're jealous. They're proud, and are easily engaged.

When it's time to hang up on Mom

If his quiz proves you're a 'mama's boy,'
Dr. Kenneth Adams has some urgent advice

BY JULIA HAINSWELL • For 25 years, Dr. Kenneth Adams has been psychoanalyzing mother-son relationships, including a U.S. presidential hopeful. His new book, *When Mom's Married to Mom*, is the first of its kind to offer help to "mama's boys," and to their wives and girlfriends.

Typically, the Victorian son drops white-hot ice on his dad to put his mother's needs before any other relationship. For the son, the relationship is safe from sex, alcohol and drug problems to worshipping and an inability to connect to a long-term relationship for fear of disloyalty to his mother.

"Mother's guilt of a mother's own son is like 'betrayal syndrome,'" says Adams. They're jealous. They telephone daily. They cry, pour or weep openly. The relationship begins when the boy is an infant, says Adams, with the overwhelming mother saying to her baby, "You're crying so much. I just feel you. What do you want now?" Even with a newborn, Adams says, "the fish a hand of cooperation now, as if the baby is taking something away from her. It's always about her rather than about the child."

A 20-question quiz helps male readers determine if they have a mother-son relationship problem. "You often feel preoccupied about your mother's unhappiness or her life?" "Are you the most important person in your mother's life?" "Are you distant from your father?" "Do you often resent your mother's or father's social functions, or have you in the past?"

Adams recounts the case of Father Mark, a sheltering priest who on occasions engaged in sexual intercourse with female church members. The priest told Adams that his own father was a nearby abusive alcoholic

and that as a boy, "he understood that his mother needed help and that his father was not going to provide it." The priest's mother often took her son to bed with her. Because there was no sexual contact, Adams refers to the behavior as "emotional incest."

The priest told Adams that he truly believed he was comforting the woman he had sex with. "Mother-son incest isn't how I learned the role of caretaker by being forced to take care of the women. They don't know about boundaries. They don't know how to say no," he writes.

Adams believes that psychotherapy once a week for two to five years is the only reliable road to recovery. However, his book does outline some initial steps: an evening journal. Adams asks clients to write phone calls with their mother to 20 minutes once a week and that they should write down their messages for the next time she calls, such as, "No, I am unable to do that for you," or "I can't talk to you now." Practice these alone out loud, or with a friend, he advises.

Let the things your mother does that trigger your guilt. "Does she get angry?" "Does she threaten retribution?" If a son feels constantly on call, set up a 10-minute Saturday afternoon "no help but with choices for a fixed number of hours." Adams also suggests a hug helpline, but not a line.



Developing a relationship with Dad is another component of healing, he says. Often an uncaring mother draws her son into emotional incest, continuing to do so even if the husband is dead or has disappeared from the scene. Another of Adams' clients was "Doug," a talented woman who fended around with her husband's wife because he didn't value his friendship with her. "This intertwined with his mother," says Adams, "has him up to be in competition with his father, and later in life, with all men." Doug continued "testing" his father. "See, I can outdo you. I can take your woman away from you," explains Adams. Mother craved unconditional love by the rules. "I don't respond to my mother's criticism of any kind" and "I don't talk to her about my dad."

To find the right therapist, look talk therapy over the phone, suggests Adams. "Say you think you are enmeshed with your mother and ask whether the therapist has treated other people with your issues." Also ask the therapist on what she thinks are the problems associated with dad-parent enmeshment. "Make sure the therapist doesn't minimize your issues." Avoid a therapist with a reputation for endless therapy with little results, and anyone committed to short-term therapy. "Therapy is not offering advice to people about their personal problems. It is not counseling. It is a kind of psychological excavation to dig up old unconscious patterns. It is uncomfortable. It takes time." ■

MOST IMPROVED: BRITNEY SPEARS

She's a major overhaul from the moose. Spears' latest album, *Britney*, is a major overhaul from the moose. Spears' latest album, *Britney*, is a major overhaul from the moose. Spears' latest album, *Britney*, is a major overhaul from the moose.

MAGAZINES JUNE 30, 2007

ANDREW NORMAN COIT

1983-2007

He could always be counted on
for a laugh and a song

Andrew Norman Coit was born on Feb. 18, 1983, in Warwick, Rhode Island, to Christa and Alan Coit. She was a department store clerk and he a pianist. Originally they named their only son Sebastian, but the night after he was born, Al dreamt of children whose surnames were the name of the star dog, the next morning, they convinced nurses to change the name on his birth certificate. In the ensuing years, the family nicknamed Andrew's birthday with his sister, Samantha, who was also born in late February two years earlier. They did most things together, say their parents, who divorced in 1999 but remain close. (They remarried, and Andrew has three step-siblings.) After eating all the Neapolitan Creamery ice cream in the freezer, Andrew and Samantha would parade around the house with the empty tubs on their heads. They'd sneak out of bed and hide in the hallway or behind the couch while their parents watched worry moves, so they could see too. "He never had any fear," says Al.

When Andrew was about seven years old, he began playing sports, including T-ball, baseball, football, wrestling and basketball. He collected many awards, and displayed them on the bureau in his bedroom, along with one of NFL Little League trophies from 1997. Like his father, Andrew loved math and history, but by the time he reached seventh grade he had trouble focusing at school, and his marks suffered. That changed after he began taking medication for ADHD; Andrew became a good student, even though he didn't always study. "He was extremely smart and had a knack for talking himself out," says Al.

Last fall, after saving up money to buy his first car—"He loved it, but it was a piece of junk," says his mother—Andrew got it stuck in a muddy, flooded back road. Christa and Al went down to help him, "and it was quite an adventure. We couldn't help but laugh," recalls his dad. Andrew, when Al sometimes called Chuddler, could be tricked as far as. After getting video games when he was 11, Andrew made silly jokes, and filmed his friends and family. Last summer, he decided to join the drama club at Country High School, where he was a senior. His debut was in *Wildland Blues*, the dancing lead in *Howlowe*, and "he stole the show," says Christa. "He was quite the actor; allegor, comedian—the whole ball of wax." This spring he played Lazarus in an adaptation of *Moby Dick*. "Being a clown was easy for

him, but this brought tears to our eyes," say his parents.

Over the last years, Andrew had learned to play the guitar, and was almost never seen without his acoustic in tow (it was actually seen until, but he let his hair have it). He was often a guitar clinic, down-laid tabs, wrote songs, and played whether there was an audience or not—in the corridors of school, on street corners, or at his grand mom's. He loved Green Day, Dave Matthews, and Led Zepplin, and was learning to play Glee's *Play for All*. One time, Andrew was sitting on a lawn chair playing guitar outside his friend's house when a car stopped and the driver handed him two dollars. "He ran in and said, 'You a pro?'" laughs Christa, who called him Mr. Mus.

Lately, Andrew had become more serious than his peers. He and his girlfriend of two years, Meghan, were expecting a boy, due this May, who will be named Andrew Alan Coit. He had just been hired in the garden center at Home Depot, was saving money and preparing for fatherhood. "He reassured me," says Al, and was committed to going to college, and to his family. Even at 18, Andrew hugged his parents when he left their house. Recently he shouted from his car, which was full of friends, "I love the hell out of you, Dad!" Christa says he didn't say out loud, and was obedient.

Just after midnight on March 24, 2007, Andrew called Christa to tell her that he was coming home from his friend's house; tomorrow was his first day on

new job. Along the way he drove past a crowd assembled on Main Street. Andrew parked, walked over, and discovered that Darren Pias, 14, whom he had known for a few years, had just been killed there after drinking and then jumping his mother's minivan into a utility pole. Andrew took off the *Wanna Dance* T-shirt he was wearing, wrapped it around the pole, and got a pen for people to sign it as a memorial. Thins Andrew began singing songs and playing his guitar. At around a 30 a.m., he called Christa again, who was worried sick. He was emotional, told her about Pias, and reassured her that he would be home soon. Just before 6 a.m., when he was alone, Andrew took to the pole and said a prayer. "Then he sat on the curb, and played one last song. Moments later Andrew Norman Coit died at the utility pole when he was hit by an unknown vehicle that kept going.

BY CATEY GUILLO

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